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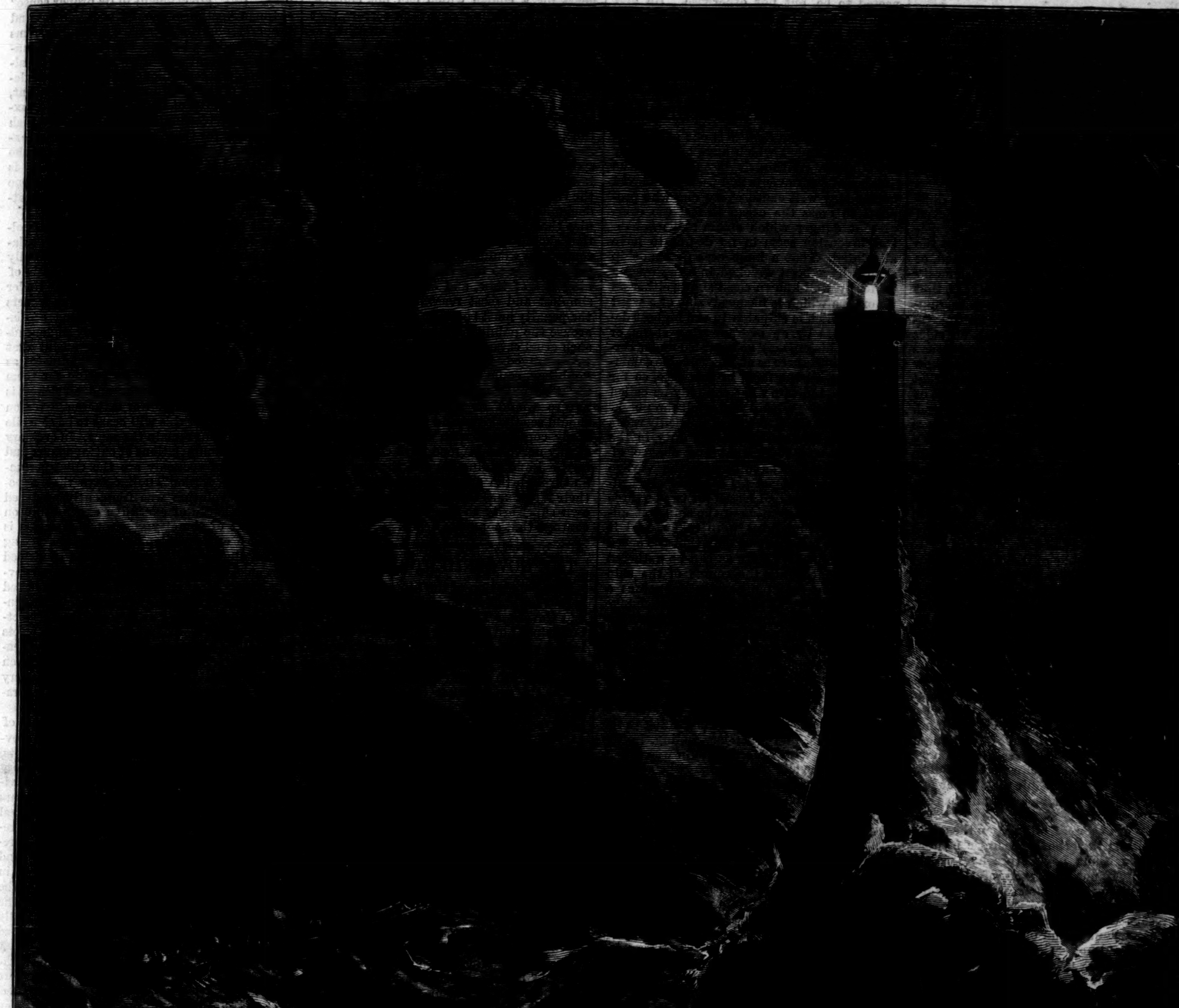

THE WRECK OF THE "SCHILLER"—BISHOP'S ROCK LIGHT.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 437.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1875.

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PEACE IN LOUISIANA.

THE task that seemed to so many difficult, if not impossible, has been achieved by the WHEELER compromise, and Louisiana is at peace. This is not to say that the State has become suddenly enlightened, or that it is free from all taint of dishonesty or injustice, or, as Mr. WHEELER says, that "a political millennium" has been inaugurated. But an adjustment of existing difficulties has been made in which all sides agree, and which, with all the circumstances under which it was adopted, should show Louisiana as well as the country much that has been doubted or denied. The secret of the adjustment is, as it usually is in such cases, moral rather than political. For it is the perception that the Republican policy is not unjust or revengeful. The White League spirit acquiesces in the settlement because it sees that the intention of the Republican majority that made it was really friendly and patriotic. They sought in the best way that the lamentable situation allowed, in the words of Mr. WHEELER, "to convince the people of Louisiana by act rather than by profession that the Republican party would secure to them what they claim with so much tenacity for themselves—respect and obedience to the will of the majority when fairly expressed." This has been done, and the result is that for the first time in two years there is a State government in Louisiana recognized by all the people. It is not contended that Mr. KELLOGG was indisputably elected. The settlement is not, and under the circumstances could not be, one of right. It was one of expediency and mutual assent. Its aim was peace, and the good feeling which follows the consciousness that fair play has at least been honestly sought, and this aim has been fully achieved.

There has been a feeling upon the part of Republicans that the Democratic members of the Louisiana Legislature had violated the spirit, if not the terms, of the adjustment in unseating four members. But in his letter to the New York *Times* Mr. WHEELER says that this is a misapprehension. The agreement bound only those who signed it. It did not seek to interfere with the rights of sitting members who had the certificates of the Returning Board, but whose seats were claimed by Democrats, and it left each House to make final decision under the clause of the Constitution which makes each the judge of the qualifications, election, and return of its members. The fact is that after the Democrats left the House on the 4th of January the Republicans unseated four members who not only held the certificate of the Returning Board, but whose names were on the list of members used by the Republican Clerk at the time of the attempted organization. Mr. WHEELER says that his understanding of the agreement that the House should remain until another election as it was left by the award was this, that it was so to remain after the award of the Board had been corrected in the cases named in the agreement by the award of the committee and the adoption by the House. But the signers of the agreement, having made no stipulation in the case of the four members, can not be asked to deprive them of seats to which they had been declared entitled by the Board. Their restoration was an act of simple justice. Moreover, the leader of the Democrats, who signed the award, and its thoroughly honorable and unfaltering supporter, stated in advance distinctly that if the House should adopt the award, the four members would be unseated.

Thus the appointment of the Louisiana Committee of the House of Representatives, which was denounced as a futile and foolish performance, proves to have been the most important act of the session, for it has opened a way of peace to the distracted State. And the visit of the whole committee to New Orleans, which we were lustily told was a mere partisan and whitewashing business, after the report of the sub-committee, has led to a measure which is certain to do very much more than any force bill to restore the real union that all patriotic citizens desire. We assure our Southern readers that the true spirit of the Republican party is seen not only in the character of the adjustment itself, but in the tone of Mr. WHEELER'S letter to the *Times* upon the subject. There is no sounder Republican in the country than he; and if he has been found vindictive, harsh, and unreasonable, so may all Republicans be expected to be, but not otherwise. He and men like him, of the highest character, the greatest practical sagacity, and long political experience, are the leaders, whose feeling and policy forecast the future course of the party.

THE WRECK OF THE "SCHILLER."

THE loss of the *Schiller* is one of the terrible catastrophes which have become only too familiar. Within the last few years the number of such events and their unrelieved horror may well cause every one who proposes to cross the ocean to feel the ever-present danger which steam and mechanical invention seem in no degree to have alleviated. That a huge ocean steam-ship should have been wrecked in a fog upon a perfectly well known coast shows either an ignorance which is inconceivable or a want of care which is culpable in the highest degree. Loss by an overpowering storm, or fire, or collision, may be regarded under certain circumstances as an unavoidable calamity. But all the facts in this case, so far as known, indicate what can only be called recklessness. When the fog fell the neighborhood and the direction of the Scilly rocks were fully known. The first duty in the obscurity was to prevent any chance of nearing them, even although the voyage should be prolonged for a week. But although the haze had lasted for two or three days, and the situation of the ship was unknown, no soundings were taken, and it was at the last moment only that the speed was slackened. So far as can be gathered from the accounts, the course of the ship was, in any case, too near so dangerous a coast, and there was no disposition to change the course even under the circumstances. Either there is a much greater necessary uncertainty in ocean navigation than is generally supposed, or the ship should not have been wrecked.

Whose, then, is the blame? If, indeed, it was in the strict sense an accident, there is no blame; but if there was any thing in the instructions, in the understanding, in the knowledge with which the ship was sailed, which in the slightest degree risked human life, or which was not carefully designed not to risk human life, it is very easy to see where the guilt of this unspeakable calamity lies. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the rival lines of steamers compete in speed, and that instructions were given to take due care, indeed, but to make short passages. The result of such instructions is evident. The captain will aim to make the shortest voyage possible. If his course takes him by the Scilly rocks, he will hug them as closely as he dares. The paramount object will be the speed of the voyage, not the safety of the ship. And when the ship is lost, that fact will explain all. Yet let the blame rest where it belongs. The public itself is largely responsible for these dire events. If a railway train is detained for five minutes, there are scores of passengers who are bursting with impatience, and urge the conductor to push on. If a ferry-boat is kept at full speed in a fog, and arrives safely, the admirable skill of the captain is commended. If a boat is detained by authority when storm or ice or fog threatens its safety on the passage, the company is denounced as old fogy and antediluvian, and piteous pictures are drawn of passengers dismally waiting in a station-house, as if waiting on a wharf was so much worse than weltering in the water.

It is this familiar impatience of the public which dictates the instructions for swift passages, and if the multitude of travelers were more reasonable, travel would be more secure. It is also worth while to consider whether the present practice of the Post-office in selecting at short intervals the steamers by which the ocean mails shall be sent does not tend to encourage the rivalry of mere speed, which is to be deprecated. If the carriage of the mails should be given annually to the line which had made the safest voyages, not to that which had made the quickest or would do the work most cheaply, the result could not but be most advantageous. It can not be luck only that the CUNARD line, the oldest of all, has for so many years regularly crossed the ocean with no serious disaster. Are the ships better? Is there more care of details? Are the crews more thoroughly drilled? Are the officers more skillful seamen? Do the instructions make safety the chief object? What is the secret? It must be an open one, and the results would always be the same. Meanwhile the question remains, What can be done? The ship and the cargo are insured, and upon them there is little loss, and there is no doubt that if every company whose vessel was wrecked were forced to pay heavy pecuniary damages, the list of frightful accidents at sea would be greatly lessened. But the difficulties of legal proceedings are so enormous, and the chances are so doubtful, and those who survive have so little heart for a course which can not console, but must painfully renew their sorrow, that little is done, and after a few months another terrible tragedy fills the papers with letters of futile anger and expostulation.

The real remedy lies behind, in individual resolution. If some passenger in the train, when the conductor is urged by impatient people to take the risk of running out of time, would protest, and distinctly apprise the conductor that he would hold him responsible for any disaster that should follow, the conductor would not dare to take the risk. If public opinion authoritatively demanded of railroad and steam-ship companies that speed and every other consideration should be subordinated to safety, the companies would conform. But so long as people prefer to take the risks of trains running out of time, and of disregarding the simplest and most reasonable precautions, the penalty must be paid. If any thing can arouse the public mind and heart, it will be such cruel catastrophes as that of the *Schiller*—a tragedy apparently unrelieved. Yet, doubtless, could the true tale of that awful night be told, the sublime heroism of human nature would be again vindicated. We should see the loved and noble-hearted, suddenly confronted with certain death, with steady nerve and serene faith consoling the terrified and giving hope to the despairing. So through the anguish of the thought of their fate comes the divine comfort of their own superiority to disaster, the unquailing courage that conquers death.

THE GOVERNMENT OF CITIES.

THE population of the State of New York is four millions and four hundred thousand, and Governor TILDEN, in his message upon municipal government, says that two millions four hundred thousand, or much more than half the number, live in cities, and he states a truth of which we are all painfully aware, in saying that the secret of good municipal government has not yet been discovered. In a brief summary of the history of this city government the Governor speaks of the changed conditions under which it is carried on. Formerly the councils and the Mayor, with the officers appointed by them, composed the administration, and the Mayor was removable by the Governor. But a vicious system has gradually grown up, ending in a simple despotism of four men, like the late Tammany Ring, which the Governor plainly describes. Among the moving causes of this change he mentions "changes in the population," which is the only form in which a Democratic Governor would permit himself to speak of immigration and the foreign-born population. These "changes in the population," or immense increase of the foreign born and bred element, are the chief cause of all the other changes which the Governor mentions, as he, of course, knows. This element has been in many ways most serviceable, and in many also most prejudicial, to the political development of the country. The immense proportion of the ignorant vote of the city of New York is found among those who are not native, and this ignorance, and the consequent dependence upon demagogues, are the chief explanation of that apparent failure of popular government in the city of which the TWEED Ring was the illustration.

The essential conditions of local self-government, in Governor TILDEN'S opinion, are an elective system by which the voters at one election may actually control the administration, the elimination of national politics from the conduct of local affairs, protection of the administration from corruption, and municipal official responsibility to the State through regular methods to be carefully preserved. These are all good conditions, but the Governor does not say how they are to be maintained. That is the task which he very wisely would not leave to the hasty action of an expiring Legislature, nor to the tender mercies of a lobby, but would make the subject of careful inquiry by a commission, in the light of experience and reflection. One of the first points to which such a commission might wisely direct its attention is the inquiry why the city of New York is represented in the Legislature by such persons as usually compose the majority of its delegation. If the commission should satisfactorily answer that question, it would be very far on its way to a clear perception of the method by which good municipal government can be secured. Governor TILDEN would undoubtedly be one of the last men to suggest that the taxation of cities should be determined by the tax-payers themselves; and yet such a policy is a conclusion easily derived from the paragraph of his message in which he speaks of the powers intrusted by the State to the local municipal administration. They are, he says, the care of police, health, schools, street-cleaning, prevention of fires, etc., most conveniently managed by the local community. But "government in its proper sense"—the protection of the rights of persons and property, and the necessary judicial systems to that end—is beyond the function of municipal corporations. Now if the municipality is only a convenience of this kind, independent of the real functions of government, why should it not be managed by the tax-payers? Why should not those who furnish the money for these purposes control its expenditure? The Governor does not ask the question, but his remarks suggest it. It is not a new one by any means, and it is one which the commission, should it be appointed, would undoubtedly consider.

The separation of national and local politics is a favorite fancy of some speculators, but experience shows that it is hardly practicable so long as the present basis of municipal government is retained. Under our present party organizations the leaders would not risk the demoralization of discipline consequent upon party independence in an election. The argument that the party furnishes as good candidates as can be found, and that by voting for them it is kept in good order and efficiency, is usually conclusive. Nor is there any reason to suppose that this will cease to be so while the conditions remain the same. In ordinary elections denunciations of extravagance and promises of economy are the chief persuasions. Governor TILDEN says that a political revolution was frequently produced by the charge of excessive expenditure on the part of the city government; and it is a piece of very simple logic to the voting mind that if a party should be supported because it will administer the national government economically, it may be trusted not to be extravagant in municipal administration. So long as city officers are elected by the same body of voters which elects State and national officers, there is no reason to suppose that party lines will be often or generally disregarded, although it is very true that the functions of city administration are different.

There will be very little difference of opinion as to the general truth of the Governor's remarks in his message. It presents, indeed, a most important subject at a very good time. There is no more urgent or vital question at the end of a hundred years of the republic than that of local municipal government. The problem is in many respects new, and it deserves the most careful consideration of the most sagacious and practical minds, fully imbued with faith in the popular principle, but tenacious of the substance rather than of the form. The vulgar empire of TWEED and the equally vulgar empire of LOUIS NAPOLEON assumed to be founded upon the popular will. They were among the crimes committed in the name of liberty. A commission such as we mention, after thorough research and reflection, could make a very valuable contribution to practical politics, and there is certainly none to be more heartily desired.

THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION OF '76.

THE Centennial Exhibition has received another impulse from the late dinner given by Philadelphians to distinguished guests from New York, Boston, and elsewhere. The occasion was very successful. There was much enthusiasm and universal congratulation, and through all it was plain that there was real resolution and confidence. Good things have been done in Philadelphia before this, and its persistence in this great enterprise is unquestionably arousing general interest and attention, and if the country is fairly kindled, the result will be unprecedented. It was not in human nature, of course, that after a feast—and a Philadelphia feast—which lasted for two hours, the guests who had come so far, and had been received with such generous and splendid hospitality, should say any thing that was not full of sympathy and good cheer,

and unquestionably Mr. Erastus Brooks spoke for a great public sentiment when he wished the enterprise a hearty godspeed. Mr. M'Michael, the chairman, made a ringing address of welcome, in which he described the future glories of the Centennial Exhibition in a strain that greatly excited the company, which broke out into loud and long applause; and Mr. Rice, of Boston, Mr. Dodge, Mr. Opdyke, and Mr. Chittenden, of New York, and Mr. Arnitt Brown, of Philadelphia, all spoke in the same glad key, and maintained the natural exulting tone of the occasion.

Mr. John Welsh, "the father of the Exposition," as he was called, also made a very interesting and important address. He said that the active managers of the work had felt how stupendous it was, and had prosecuted it in profound confidence that it was an expression of the true will of the American people, and he added that within the last two months they had received the most conclusive assurances that they had not misinterpreted that will. A careful estimate, he said, has persuaded him that the Exhibition, its preparation and maintenance, will cost eight and a half millions of dollars. This estimate includes all expenses, and already the preparations are more advanced than those of the European exhibitions have been at corresponding periods, and there is no reason to doubt that the buildings will all be finished before the 1st of January, 1876. The amount of money secured is five millions of dollars. Three and a half millions, therefore, remain to be obtained. A million of that secured is payable next year, but the expenses must be paid this year. It is very desirable, therefore, that the sum required shall be obtained this year, for the management wishes to pay every obligation as it matures. It would be a frightful mortification to be compelled to mortgage the receipts in advance of the opening to finish the preparations. Will not the country see that this mortification is spared?

More than four millions of the money raised has been drawn from Pennsylvania. This, as Mr. Welsh said, is proper, for the Declaration was made within her borders, Independence Hall stands in her metropolis, and the celebration is to be upon her soil. He then said that not more than five millions of the whole amount required will have a stock basis, as fully three and a half millions will be really concessions for which no pecuniary return is expected. The tickets sold at the Paris Exhibition in 1867 were nine millions two hundred thousand in number. But no European population can be compared with ours in such a calculation. Every body is coming to the great Centennial. There is a prospect of an unnumbered assembly, and it is a low estimate to suppose that ten millions of tickets will be sold, which, at fifty cents for entrance, would yield the par of the capital stock. Within a radius of a hundred miles around Philadelphia the population is very much more than five millions. But pilgrims are coming from the whole continent, from the shores of the Pacific to those of the Atlantic, and when, in response to the invitation of the President and Congress, the throng of Europeans also arrives, shall we be unprepared fitly to welcome the guests whom we have bidden? The strangers to whom Mr. Welsh spoke, and whose aid he invoked, were men who represent the wealthy class and a large capital. If their confident and enthusiastic responses at the dinner shall be followed by equally generous subscriptions, they will secure beyond doubt or cavil the pecuniary success of the Centennial Exhibition.

THANKSGIVING PARDONS.

In one of the late numbers of *Harper's Bazar* an article upon "Pardoning Out," by "Gail Hamilton," is a very vigorous and admirable exposure of the folly of a practice which is supposed to be humane. The writer takes as a text the traditional custom in Massachusetts of pardoning a certain number of prisoners upon Thanksgiving-day. The subjects of the last pardoning were a man fifty years old, sentenced for life for rape; one fifty-two years old, sentenced for murder; one thirty-seven years old, for highway robbery; and one sixty-two years old, for manslaughter. There is no reason given for letting loose these criminals upon the community. It is a custom of so-called mercy, appropriate to the festival. But what is the use, asks the writer, of the elaborate system of the administration of justice, if lawyers, judges, and juries are to be arbitrarily overruled? If the Governor and his Council, with the slight attention which they can give a single case of the kind, are more competent to deal with it than the courts, why not abolish the courts? But if the courts are competent, why set aside their deliberate decisions as to the proper means of securing society against evil-doers by the weakness, or whim, or ignorance, or impatience of another authority? It is right that there should be a power reserved to save the State from the commission of injustice and wrong. But the pardoning power should be exercised only for that purpose.

When John Jay was Governor of New York he was besought by the most respectable citizens and by the great officers of state to pardon the son of a worthy Revolutionary officer, who had been convicted of forgery and sentenced to imprisonment for life. But Governor Jay said, what Governor Dix also remembered when he was entreated by similar persons and influences to pardon a most dangerous malefactor, that to yield to such representations would be to admit that the children of deserving parents could commit crimes with impunity, or that an offender with numerous and influential friends was entitled to more lenity than an obscure and friendless criminal. In reply to another and similar petition Governor Jay said: "In free states the laws alone bear rule, and to that end respect for and obedience to them are indispensable to the order, comfort, and security of society;" and he added that the pardoning power is a trust to be exercised under high responsibility, not according to will or inclination, but for the public interest.

It was an old custom for kings to release prisoners upon their coronation, and at a certain feast Pilate released Barabbas to the people. But these can not be precedents for a government of laws, and the practice which "Gail Hamilton" condemns can not be justified by reason or humanity. For if a man sentenced for life for rape is to be released because of good behavior, every well-behaved criminal under sentence in the commonwealth is entitled to be liberated, while arbitrarily to select for release three or four among a multitude is necessarily to imbitter the rest, who have precisely the same claim to consideration.

It has been found by such sagacious students of prison discipline as Captain Machonochie and Sir Walter Crofton that the prospect of lessening the term of imprisonment by good behavior has a wholesome effect upon convicts. But this is not to be confounded with pardoning. It is a point of discipline in prison, not of escape from prison; and it has the most careful relation to all the conditions and circumstances. Now the prisoner condemned for rape who was released, according to "Gail Hamilton's" statement, last Thanksgiving-day had been sentenced eleven years before, and was fifty years old when liberated. There must be some very extraordinary reason for such an annulling of the most solemn forms of law. If the law by which the prisoner was sentenced was just, and if his guilt was established, the act of mercy to him was an act of outrage to society. Certainly some kind of explanation was due to the commonwealth. Was he unfairly tried? Was he unjustly convicted? Or is a life sentence for one of the worst of offenses to be satisfied by eleven years of good behavior? If the latter is true, every other convict in the same situation should be released, and as a government of laws is better than one of personal whim or inclination, the law should be made to conform.

The question of pardons has a peculiar interest in Massachusetts at this time, arising from the case of the boy Pomeroy. This boy, as our readers probably know, is one of the worst and most dangerous of criminals, or he is insane. His story shows a malevolence, a fiendish cruelty, which are startling. He was sent for his offenses to the Reform School, and his conduct was so smooth and exemplary that he was presently "pardoned out." He then committed the most revolting murders, and upon conviction was sentenced to be hung. A petition for remission of the sentence has been laid before the Governor and Council, which has been met by another from women of Massachusetts, mostly mothers, and persons of the highest intelligence, humanity, and position, asking that the law may be executed. The conviction of these women is that if Pomeroy be sent to an insane hospital he will behave sweetly as before, and after a few years will be again "pardoned out" to resume his murders of children; and they have certainly reason for their apprehension when they see what has been done. The only question in his case is that of insanity. If he is indeed insane, nothing could be more revolting than his execution. And how occult that kind of insanity may be, the case of Freeman in this State forty years ago shows—a case in which Mr. Seward so nobly distinguished himself.

All that can be asked is that the law and its administration may be respected. If the laws are too severe to be executed, let them be changed by the Legislature, but not suffered to remain upon the statute-book while they are disregarded by those who are sworn to enforce them. It is a law, indeed, that the Executive authority shall, at its discretion, pardon. But an absolutely arbitrary custom like that of the Thanksgiving release is not and can not well be an act of sound discretion. If a certain number of "deserving" convicts were to be pardoned on every great day in the year, the prisons would be annually emptied, the laws would be practically set aside, and society itself imperiled. Indeed, one of the chief objects of wise prison discipline is the abolition of irregular and whimsical interference with the course of the law. "The power of pardoning," said John Jay, "is committed by the Constitution to the prudence and discretion, and not the wishes or feelings, of the Governor. If it was confided to the latter, very few convicts would be long imprisoned. I believe it to be my *duty* to pardon all who, in my judgment, ought to be pardoned, and to refuse pardons to all who, on principles of sound policy and justice, ought not to have them. To pardon or not to pardon does not depend on my will, but on my judgment, and for the impartial and discreet exercise of this authority I am and ought to be highly responsible."

"HOME SKETCHES IN FRANCE."

The late Mrs. Henry M. Field was one of the persons whose reputation is private, as it was the result of a wholly private and personal impression. The tributes that were paid to her memory showed how deep and strong that impression was upon the most intelligent men, and the little volume of *Home Sketches in France*, just published, justifies the warm praise that was lavished upon her intellectual vivacity and sagacity. Mrs. Field was born in Paris, and she writes of its charities and religious life with peculiar knowledge and comprehension. Her picture of Father Hyacinthe, whom she heard in Notre Dame in the prime of his great popularity and reputation, is very vivid, and the best that we have seen. Indeed, the letters are model records of a quick, sympathetic, penetrating observation, and so good that the reader regrets they are so few and brief. The friends of Mrs. Field insist, however, that all her accomplishment derived a great and nameless charm from her personality, of which the reader can have but a faint and remote suggestion in the character of the letters.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Carlyle loses none of his quaintness and raspiness of manner as he grows old. Recently, on a visit to Scotland, he dined at a house where his neighbor at the table happened to be a very loquacious and officious busybody connected in some fashion with art. The gentleman's report of Mr. Carlyle was as follows: "Mr. Carlyle is an extraordinary man. He is a perfect nobody in society. He has no conversation. He takes an interest in nothing. For half an hour I endeavored to draw him out on art; no use. Then I tried him on his own subjects, on literature, history, biography; all to no purpose. The man has no power of conversation whatever. At the end of dinner, after being silent the whole time, he suddenly said to his host, 'For Heaven's sake put me in a room by myself and give me a pipe!'"

—That strange gentleman, Watterson, of Louisville, mentions a rumor, current in the higher circles of Kentucky, that Secretary Robeson seriously thinks of burning the half dozen or so old punts that are left, and of adopting Paul Boyton as the United States navy.

—Mr. Murat Halstead, whose pithy speech at the recent Chamber of Commerce banquet was one of the best things of the evening, has since his return to the solemnity of his sanctum indulged in sundry vaticinations as to the next Presidency, Speakership, etc., etc. In reference to the former, after alluding to the prospects of Thurman, Allen, Hendricks, Tilden, Pendleton, and other aspirants, he comes to Bayard, whom he regards as the strongest candidate, and says: "Those who watched the course of Bayard last winter must have seen that he aimed at the leadership of his party in the Senate. He did not make as many able speeches as Senator Thurman, but he displayed inflexibility of will and executive force in a greater degree than any other member of his party.... Another point may be worth noting, viz., that Bayard has within a year given more elegant dinner parties than any other man in Washington, the President and Secretary of State not excepted, showing himself an admirable host, and making a most pleasing impression upon his guests, among whom were included all the members of both Houses capable of a good dinner. This is not a large matter, but it is not a small symptom. As the Bayards own Delaware, they will not be troubled by a divided delegation from that State. As Delaware is a Southern State, the Southern vote will seriously incline in that direction. The talk of "longitude" is childishness. Pennsylvania and New England will in all probability be for Bayard at the start, and New York will go for him when the question arises between him and a Western man; and then, by giving the Vice-Presidency to the Northwest, Bayard will command a two-thirds vote. See it now? If not, why not?"

—The late Stillman Witt, one of the prominent railroad men of the country, was an eccentric man in some things, and when doing the benevolent was often freaky. During the war Secretary Stanton asked a friend in Cleveland to lend him a few dollars. Mr. Witt heard of the request, and sent him a check for $5000. The late Governor Brough was a man of limited means. Mr. Witt made an investment that yielded a liberal return, and this was presented to the Governor. Many of his good deeds are known only to the recipients of his generosity. Among the many benevolent things done by Mr. Witt was the building of the "Woman's Home" in Cleveland, which was constructed entirely at his expense. He is supposed to have left an estate of about four millions.

—Charles Morgan, Esq., whose munificence to his native town of Clinton, Connecticut, in founding and endowing the Morgan School, is well known, has added to his generosity by giving a fine large house, with barn, out-houses, shade trees, and two acres of ground, for a parsonage, and $1000 toward building a church. The Morgan School and endowment cost about $150,000. It is one of the most flourishing institutions in New England, having some 300 scholars, and a corps of professors and teachers of the highest order.

—It is related of the late Alva Spear, one of our old merchants, who died recently at eighty-two, that when the Astor Place riot occurred, in 1849, he was a member of the Seventh Regiment. He used to tell how, when he received orders to fire, he felt it to be his duty as a good citizen to shoot with effect. He fired at a big ruffian with a cobble-stone, and did not miss his aim.

—The Hon. Sir Henry Ayres, Prime Minister of Australia, was originally a joiner in Portsmouth dock-yard, and his wife was one of three sisters who kept a shop in St. Mary's Street in the same city. Both are held in highest esteem in the great colony where Sir Henry has fought his way to the front.

—Mr. T. A. Mitchell, late of Bridgeport, England, has bequeathed $1,200,000 to be disposed of by the Metropolitan Board of Works. By his Board of Works shall ye know him.

—Happy was it for Carl Schurz that he accepted the banquet invitation of the New York Chamber of Commerce. It was his intention to have sailed for Hamburg in the *Schiller*, but the banquet interfered, and he tarried and took passage in the *Pomerania*, and to that event we are indebted for the preservation of the eminent orator and statesman.

—Mr. E. D. Winslow, of Boston, has purchased, for $300,000, a three-quarters interest in the Boston *Post*. This does not include the building and machinery, which are held at an additional valuation of $150,000. The editorial management remains with Colonel Greene, who is now the Methuselah of American editors, and far exceeding in editorial age any editors in the Old World.

—Concerning the financial matters of certain gentlemen connected prominently with the leading journals of New York, a New York man writing to the Chicago *Times* says: "Mr. Bennett believes the editorial page ought to be forcible, and with this view he has engaged Ivory Chamberlain, John Russell Young, Charles Nordhoff, and John D. Stockton to write for it, at figures ranging from $4000 to $7000 per year. Stockton is understood to have $4000, Young $6000, Nordhoff and Chamberlain $7000 each, Connery, the managing editor, $5000, and several others from $2500 to $3000. Of the gentlemen connected with the *Tribune*, Mr. Whitelaw Reid gets $12,000. He has shown a commendable disposition in advancing rates. Of the editorial writers, John R. G. Hazard, Reid's lieutenant, and musical critic likewise, receives, it is said, $7280 ($140 a week), Isaac H. Bromley $6500 ($125 a week), and John Hay the same. The irregular contributors to the fourth page, who perform other duties, get from $70 to $75 a week. John F. Cleveland, financial editor, has $75; William F. G. Shanks, city editor, $70; Caldwell, night editor, $70; Hunt, miscellaneous writer, $60; Wyckoff, $60; William Winter, dramatic writer, $50; and other subordinates, exclusive of reporters, from $35 to $50 a week. Within five years *Tribune* compensation has been doubled."

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

A gigantic whisky ring has been discovered by the government in the leading cities of the South and West, by which the revenues have been defrauded of millions of dollars. Officers having been posted at all suspected points, seizures were made simultaneously, May 10, at St. Louis, Milwaukee, Chicago, Evansville, and elsewhere. In St. Louis alone $700,000 worth of property was taken. Certain officials are suspected of complicity with the culprits.

Five prisoners at Sing Sing made a daring escape on the morning of May 14. They dropped from a bridge near the quarry on to the locomotive of a passing freight train, and presenting pistols at the heads of the engineer and fireman, drove them from the cab. In a moment the engine was uncoupled, and the desperadoes started off at full speed toward the city. The alarm was speedily given, and men hurried in pursuit from all directions. Three miles down the track the locomotive was found in a disabled condition, but there was no trace of the fugitives. At last accounts the officers were pushing the search with energy.

The miners' strike in the Pennsylvania regions still continues. A fight took place at the Sterling Mines, May 14, between the strikers and the police, and several miners were arrested. The sheriff's posse at Hutchinson's breaker has been repeatedly fired upon by the rioters.

The New York State Senate, May 13, passed without amendment the Assembly bill permitting the corporation now owning the Greenwich Elevated Road to extend its lines to Spuyten Duyvel Creek.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Prussian authorities have procured the arrest abroad of the principal conspirators in the plot to assassinate Prince Bismarck and Dr. Falck, Minister of Ecclesiastical Affairs. The *Bourse Gazette* says the prisoner is a relative of Archbishop Ledochowski, while the *Provincial Press* states that he is related to Monsignor Dunin, who was Ledochowski's predecessor. Both journals assert that the plot included the assassination of the Emperor William.

The inquiry instituted into the Catholic societies of Berlin at the time of Kullmann's attempt to shoot Prince Bismarck has been closed. The Public Prosecutor has made charges against their directors, and the cases will come up for trial in June.

The Honolulu *Commercial Advertiser* reports that the reciprocity treaty between the United States and Hawaii has been ratified by King Kalakaua.

The Pope reached his eighty-third birthday May 13. In reply to the congratulations offered by the Mayence pilgrims, he praised the German clergy, and urged them to steadfastness.

A crowd of women mobbed an Old Catholic school-house in Königshüte, Silesia, May 11, declaring they would never allow their children to become Old Catholics. There was much excitement, but the military soon cleared the streets and restored order. Twenty arrests were made.

The Roman Catholic bishops of Prussia have decided to dissolve even the religious orders which the state tolerates, being unwilling to see them subjected to governmental supervision.

The Japanese part of the island of Saghalien has been ceded to Russia.

GOING TO MARKET—A SCENE NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

THE WRECK OF THE "SCHILLER."

THE loss of the *Schiller* with more than three hundred lives, on the dangerous Retarrière Ledge, was one of the most terrible ocean calamities that have occurred in several years. Every circumstance added to the horror of the awful event. For three days the vessel had been enveloped in so dense a fog that it was impossible to take an observation, and Captain THOMAS, ignorant of his position, but aware that he might be in dangerous proximity to the coast, had ordered the engines to be run at half speed. This was at nine o'clock on the evening of May 7. No light was visible to the vigilant and anxious watch; no warning bell was heard. The first intimation of danger came too late to avert the calamity. About ten o'clock the same night the *Schiller* struck on the reef, bumped violently four times on the rocks, and then settled down. There was a heavy sea, and the tide was rising fast. Captain THOMAS was on deck, as he had been for four entire days and nights preceding, but he was unable to control either crew or passengers in the terrible panic that ensued. He tried to compel obedience by firing on some of his men who rushed for the boats, but without effect. The vessel coming broadside to the sea, two boats hanging to the davits, and filled with men, became detached at one end, and all in them perished. Two other boats succeeded in getting off, and reached Tresco Island in safety. The life-boat was so badly injured that she sank, but the persons in her, eleven in number, were picked up by the other boats.

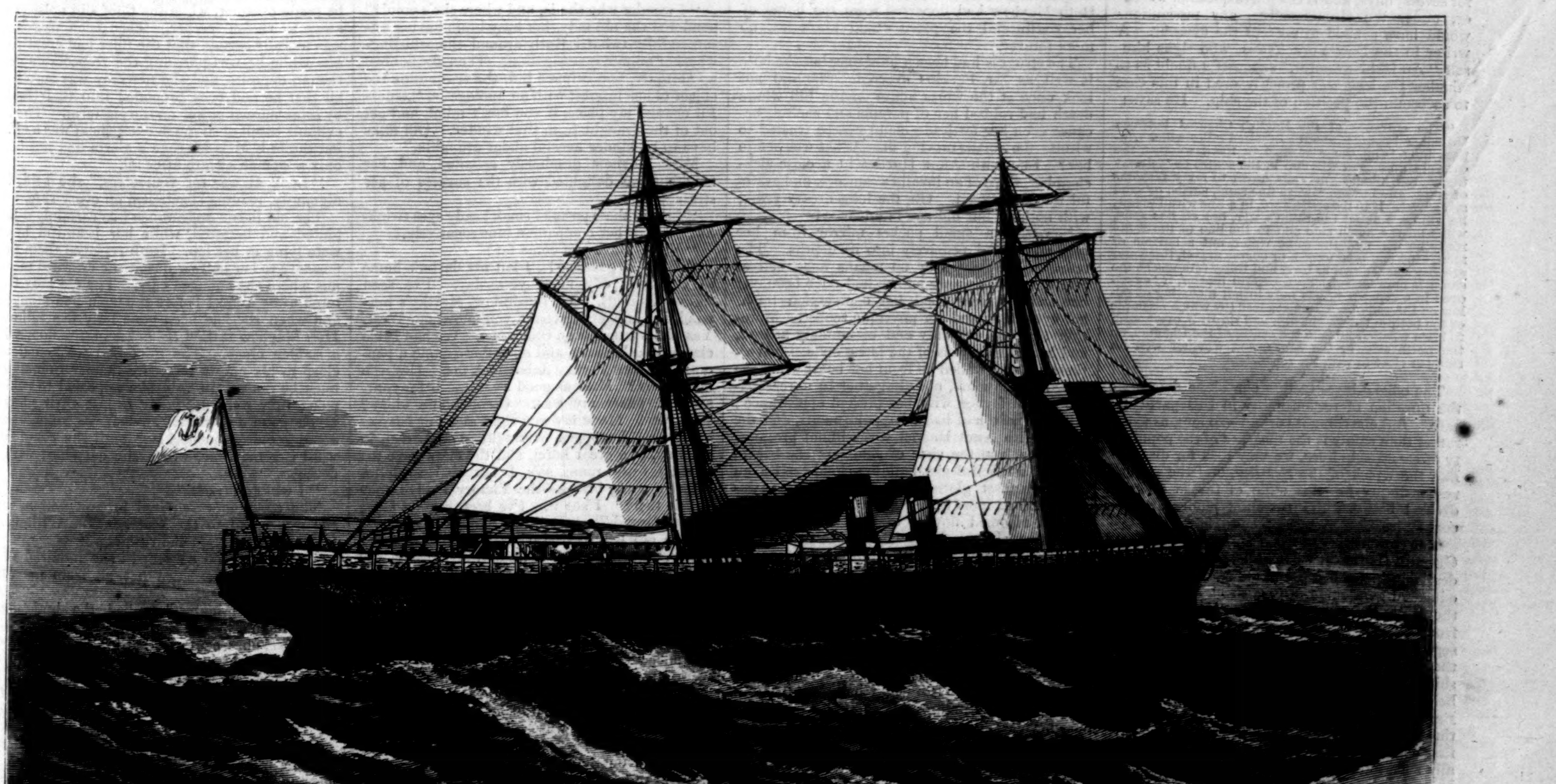
Finding that nothing could be done to save the ship, Captain THOMAS called the remaining passengers together on the deck, and by word and example endeavored to encourage and calm them. A large number of women and children were gathered in the deck-house. About two o'clock this was swept away by an enormous wave that broke over the ship. There was one awful shriek of agony, followed by a ghastly silence.

At midnight the fog lifted for a moment, allowing the light on Bishop's Rock to be seen, not quite a mile from the reef on which the *Schiller* was beating to pieces. There was hope that help might come before all were lost. Rockets and guns were fired until the powder became wet, but it is said the people on shore misunderstood these signals of distress, as guns and rockets are often fired simply to announce an arrival. However this may be, the signals remained unanswered, and no assistance arrived until long after dawn. Meanwhile wave after wave swept over the ship, each wave carrying off new victims. About three o'clock Captain THOMAS left the forward bridge and descended to the deck to give assistance to the passengers. He was not seen again, and is supposed to have been carried overboard by a tremendous wave that swept the ship at that instant.

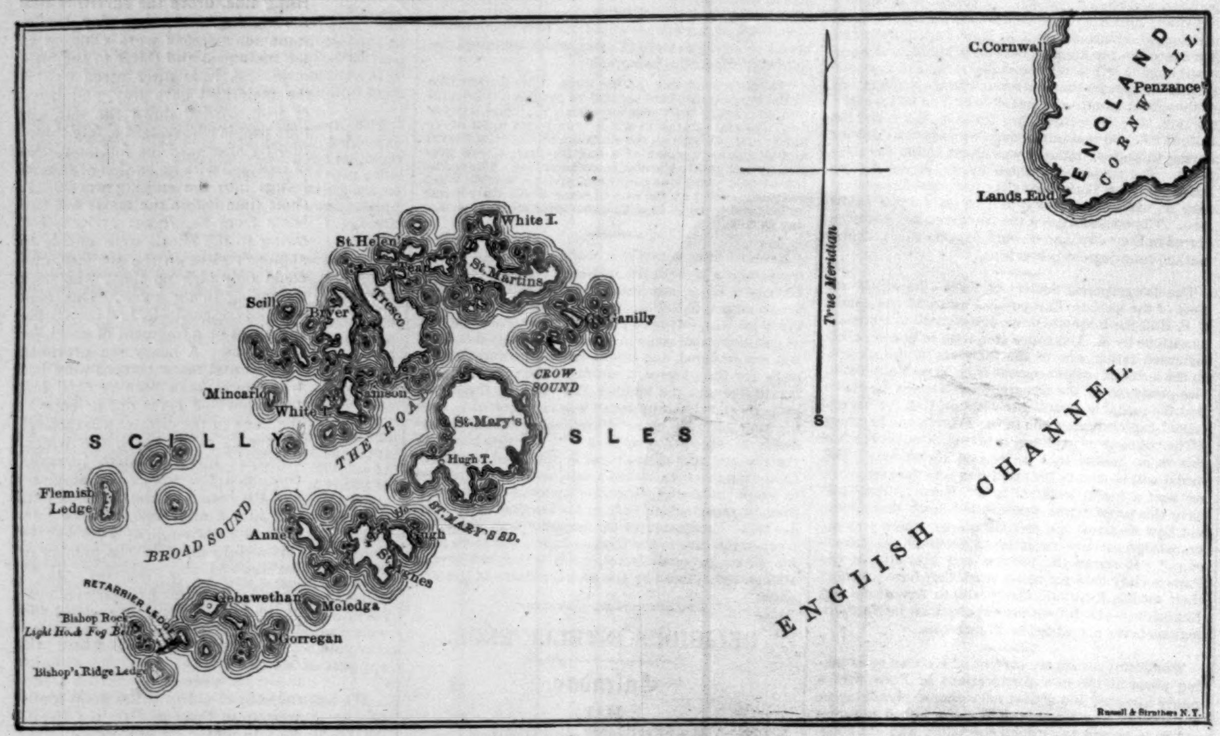
The careening of the ship, together with the rising tide, drove the survivors into the rigging, and when day broke, some ten persons were clinging to the mainmast and thirty to the foremast. A little after seven o'clock the mainmast gave way, and being of iron, carried down the unfortunate people who sought safety there. Shortly afterward the foremast, also of iron, fell with its burden of human beings into the surging waves. A short time before the masts fell two boats from St. Agnes arrived, but owing to the shoals were unable to approach close to the steamer, and could only pick up those who were struggling in the water. One man was thus rescued who had been drifting about on a fragment of wreck for ten hours. A heavy sea prevailed all day, and many persons were lost who might have been rescued had the boats that came out as soon as the news of the disaster was received been able to approach the wreck. Steamers and life-boats, however, continued the search for survivors and the bodies of the drowned until late in the afternoon. Three hundred and eleven lives were lost by this awful calamity; the number of the rescued was only forty-three, fourteen passengers and twenty-nine of the officers and crew. Only one woman was saved.

The Scilly Islands, where the *Schiller* was cast away, are situated at the entrance of the British Channel, about thirty miles west-southwest from Penzance, on the Land's End, in the county of Cornwall. The group is of a circular form, about thirty miles in circumference, and consists of about 140 small islands. A few of the principal of these are inhabited, and contain a population of between 2000 and 3000 persons. They are surrounded by a deep sea, from which they rise abruptly with rugged sides, and the channels which separate them are so shallow that at low water in many places they are quite dry. On the island of St. Agnes, which is the most southern of the group, stands a light-house 128 feet in height, with a revolving light which can be seen at a distance of seventeen miles. On Bishop's Rock, which is less than three-quarters of a mile from Retarrière Ledge, on which the steamer was wrecked, there is another light-house, which flashes a revolving light, 110 feet high, that can be seen sixteen miles. There is also a fog-bell on Bishop's Rock. Notwithstanding these precautions the Scilly Islands have always been dangerous for vessels, and many ships have been lost upon them, but since the wreck of the squadron of Sir CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL in 1707, with the loss of 2000 men, no calamity so great as the loss of the *Schiller* has happened

CAPTAIN JOHN GEORGE THOMAS.



THE EAGLE LINE STEAM-SHIP "SCHILLER."



THE SCILLY ISLANDS AND LAND'S END.

on those fatal rocks, known to sailors by the name of the "Scilly Dogs." It is said that very few days of perfect calm occur in this dangerous locality, and that for the great part of the year the western rocks of the group are lashed with furious waves. The inhabitants of the islands are principally sailors, fishermen, and pilots; but so dangerous are the boisterous seas in which they ply their vocation that they have a proverbial saying that "for one who dies a natural death nine are drowned."

On our front page will be found a picture of the light-house on Bishop's Rock, showing the wrecked steam-ship on the reef in the distance. In the dense fog and terrible gale prevailing at the time, the *Schiller* had passed between St. Agnes and Bishop's Rock, instead of outside the latter, as she should have done; and once entangled in that narrow and intricate channel, there was no possibility of escape.

Our map of the scene of the disaster, showing the Scilly Islands, and the town of Penzance, on Land's End, where the survivors of the wreck were landed and cared for, will help the reader to a clear comprehension of the manner in which the *Schiller* was lost. She was entering the Channel from the westward, bound from New York to Plymouth, and her true course lay to the southward of the islands. As already mentioned, the dense fog had prevented observations for several days, and it is a grave question whether, under the circumstances, any precautions would have availed to prevent the disaster. A writer in the New York *Times*, who signs himself "An Old Navigator," suggests a doubt as to whether the lead was properly used in this case to ascertain the position of the ship. He says:

"The entrance of the English Channel between Ushant and Scilly is about a hundred miles wide. Approaching from the westward in thick weather the careful ship-master will find in the centre or 'fairway track' from ninety gradually down to sixty fathoms of water, the bottom always fine sand, shells, or sand and gravel. If to the southward, in a line with Ushant, he will have about the same water, but *all fine sand*, while on the north side and in the line of the Scilly rocks he will find the same water, but a bottom of mud, sand and mud (ooze), or coarse gravel, the water growing shoal down to forty and thirty fathoms as the shore is approached. So a careful master, if 'enveloped in a dense fog,' has only to put a coating of tallow on the end of his deep-sea lead (by which a sample of the bottom is brought up), and throw it overboard, to learn whether he is in the centre of the Channel, on the north side, or the south, and whether well off shore or close in with the rocks."

The official investigation can alone determine the question of responsibility in this particular case. But one thing is certain—so long as speed rather than safety is the measure of the popularity of steam-ship lines, we may look for disasters like the wreck of the *Schiller*, and the general responsibility for this state of things must be divided between the traveling public and the companies.

The commander of the *Schiller*, Captain John George Thomas, whom all accounts agree in describing as a brave and expert officer and an educated gentleman, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, February 23, 1837. He went to sea from Bremen when sixteen years of age. After serving some time in sailing vessels he entered the service of the Peninsular and Oriental Steamship Company as first officer, which position he held with honor for several years. When the Eagle Line Steam-ship Company was organized, three years ago, Captain Thomas was among the first commanders secured by them. He personally superintended the building of the *Schiller*. It is related of him that when he made this change of service he took a voyage to New York to familiarize himself with the route. During the passage, while occupying the engineer's state-room with a friend, he made many remarks showing that he was keenly alive to the dangers attending ocean navigation during fogs. A dense fog occurred during the return trip, and the *Holsatia*, in which he sailed, narrowly escaped being run down by another steamer. The escape from destruction awakened deep feeling, and the dangers of fogs became the topic of conversation and discussion. At that time Captain Thomas stated that no danger at sea caused him so much anxiety as fog, and there was no other for which he felt himself less able to prepare.

IN A TUNNEL.

"That will do nicely," said Ruth Mayhew, receiving her last package through the car window from Mr. Perkins on the platform.

"Write us how you get along, Ruth. If your aunt can spare you a spell in the summer we'd be glad to see you hum agin. Oh, my! here's Mis' Curtin with a bunch of posies from her gardin. Hurry! hurry! you'll be late, sure's the world, Mis' Curtin."

Thus spoke the group at the dépôt in shrill chorus as the locomotive, every plate burnished and dazzling, which had simmered quietly for minutes, started, imparting a jerking wrench to the cars, and then the long snake of a train glided smoothly away.

"She takes it first-rate," commented Mr. Perkins, wiping his brow with a red bandana handkerchief.

Then he climbed into his rusty carry-all, drawn by a meek white horse; the others returned along the village street to resume separate avocations, and the event of the day was over. Ruth Mayhew had departed from the home of her youth, and the place would know her no more forever.

The struggle had been a hard one, but she bore it well, as Mr. Perkins averred. She did not look once at the white house on the hill where death had robbed her of parents and shelter, because even her fortitude could not be trusted to witness the Smalls moving in. What was before her? Life with Aunt Harriet in a close sick-chamber, slave of an invalid's caprices, and grateful for daily bread. Oh, the long dreary years, with nothing but old age in advance!

She took a small pocket-mirror from her bag, and gazed pensively into its depths. The reflected image was by no means unattractive. She was not as young as she had once been, yet her features were good, her complexion fresh, her eyes clear, and her physique robust. Moreover she was carefully and becomingly attired, and her chignon was of the latest style. Nevertheless a sigh welled up from her heart when she gazed in the glass, not altogether in unreasonable dissatisfaction with her present appearance; still the past had had disappointments, and the future with Aunt Harriet was without promise. Away back in the vista of summers she beheld herself, a fanciful girl, building cloud-castles out of the sunset glories. One spring-time was brighter and more fragrant than the rest; around it still bloomed flowers of regretful memories, blossoms without earthly semblance in the cold bleak climate where Ruth lived, because sprung from the richest sources of humanity.

A brave young missionary had urged a heedless girl to go with him to the hot countries among the heathen, and the girl, to whom the world seemed a vast treasure-house lavish of gifts, had flouted her young missionary, and he had silently departed without complaint, to return no more. Then Ruth had shed tears in secret, bitterly remorseful tears, and turned her back capriciously on the well-to-do farmers of her acquaintance.

"Got a cinder in yer eye?" inquired a sharp voice in our traveler's ear.

The latter awoke from her reverie with a start, and turned to her questioner with a guilty blush suffusing her cheek. She, Ruth Mayhew, of middle age, caught looking in the glass! Her interlocutor was a brisk, bright little old lady in a faded shawl and an antiquated bonnet of the coal-scuttle pattern. She carried on her arm a black silk bag which seemed to contain unlimited stores of snuff and peppermint drops. Encircling her withered old throat was a necklace of beautiful gold beads delicately wrought. These beads, an heir-loom in her family, descending to her through long generations, had been worn by her since early youth, and so much of superstition is associated with such relics in the mind of the possessor, that the old lady would have dreaded immediate misfortune had she lost them. Such was her child-like faith in her fellow-creatures that she never dreamed of parting with her treasures.

"I can get it out quick as a wink, child," she continued, eagerly, settling her spectacles, and spreading out a soft silk handkerchief, with the intention of applying it to Ruth's eye.

"No, thank you. It is nothing," said Ruth, hastily popping the glass back into a hiding-place.

Thus foiled, the old lady relapsed into silence, although she could not remain quiet long. She jerked her head about quickly to observe different objects with a sparrow-like motion, and becoming absorbingly interested in Ruth, she peered at trimmings, even testing the quality of a ribbon furtively with a critical forefinger and thumb. Age had chiseled wrinkles, innumerable fine lines, in the intelligent face, had whitened the scanty hair, and robbed the sunken mouth of teeth, yet the vital forces seemed unimpaired. She was like a queer little gray bird hopping along to peck a crumb of information every where.

"I wonder who she is, and where she's goin'?" pondered the old lady, her busy brain having unsuccessfully twisted Ruth around the whirling-wheel of minute investigation. Then she bobbed up abruptly, and skipped into the seat beside the object of her interest with an apologetic, "Guess I'll change my place, if you don't mind, and get out of the draught from that winder. Old folks have to be kinder keerful about draughts."

Miss Mayhew graciously assented, and her neighbor was delighted with the success of her stratagem.

"Live in these parts?" small beady eyes twinkling all over her companion interrogatively.

"Yes. Have you come far?"

"Far? I guess so! I left my darter's home in Indianny day afore yesterday. I've seen sights of things. My son-in-law, Marthy's husband, is a lumber merchant, you know, out West. Yes, the winter's been cold, some. We had Bible classes and lectures, and once there came a panoramy of New York. Jabez took me. Hev you been there? Most as good as seeing it for yourself, the panoramy was. Come home alone? Law, yes! Made my way right along as easy as could be. I stopped overnight at Montreal, in Canady, at a great hotel, and the clerk gave me a snug little room, so's I felt real to hum. There's a big bridge—the Victory Bridge, they call it there. I see it. I've been a good piece on the Grand Turk Railroad too."

The old lady had traversed all this distance safely, enjoying every hour of the journey, and she was now turning her face homeward to a farm nestled among the hills.

"My son lives in the other side of the house, and does all the chores about the farm. I take care of myself," she explained, with the curious simplicity of a nature that confided all its private affairs to strangers, never dreaming of doubting that their interest equaled her own in discussing their personal history.

Ruth's sympathy was aroused. This sympathy cost her dear. Three hours later she was standing alone on the crowded platform of a large railway terminus, where locomotives dashed frantically about, and anxious passengers vociferated loudly, with her own train disappearing in the distance, and a string of gold beads in her hand.

It happened thus: Ruth and her new friend hobnobbed delightfully. The old lady was particularly pleased to discover that among the many good things prepared for the other's journey by friendly hands were crisp turn-overs, generous slices of dried-apple pie, and doughnuts.

"Seems like hum," she declared, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Couldn't git any cake nor pie in Canady. They said they had plenty of beef and beer, but I don't need nothin' quite so hearty."

Born of the same race, subjected to the same influences of a harsh, cold climate, the English resident of Canada supplies generous fuel for the machinery of life, while the Yankee native of New England most grudgingly lubricates the busy mechanism of his economy, at the same time extorting the greatest possible amount of labor from his slave—the body.

The train paused at a station, and a young man strolled into the car. Miss Ruth's attention became instantly centred in him. It was not because of the beauty of his black mustache that she observed him, nor his oily ringlets, flashy waistcoat, and resplendent watch-chain. It was simply because his evil, snaky eye, wandering carelessly over the passengers, pounced on the unconscious old lady. "You will bear watching," thought the younger woman. Then she talked warningly of thieves and pickpockets, at which the old lady looked simply bewildered.

The train rushed into a tunnel, a dark, chilly hole that seemed to open a yawning mouth, in itself stationary and soulless, to ingulf life and motion. A tiny blue flame crackled; the old lady had lighted a bit of tallow-candle, using her hand for a candlestick.

"I git scared in these tunnels," she said, and held the candle so that Ruth and herself were framed in a vivid radiance.

The former, keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed on the snaky young man seated behind, detected a stealthy movement of his hand toward the old lady's neck, where hung the family gold beads. A sudden draught (emanating from the snaky young man) flared out the candle, a scuffle and rush ensued amidst confused exclamations, and Miss Mayhew launched into active combat with the foe.

"Thieves!" she shrieked.

"Oh, murder!" gasped the old lady, first receiving a blow over the head that crushed her bonnet awry, and then feeling as if a great many shawls had tumbled over her.

"What is the matter?" echoed on all sides in the terrible darkness.

"Oh, oh!" screamed Ruth again. "The wretch! The scamp! Help me to hold him. He is twisting my hand horribly."

"Let me go," growled the snaky young man, and giving himself a serpentine screw, adroitly eluded the nervous clutch of his captor's fingers.

"He's gone! Do catch him," she panted.

The wildest commotion ensued. Every body else feeling that it devolved upon each as men and brothers to do something, and succeeding only in creating inextricable confusion. None of the passengers had the vaguest idea what had happened. Each man grappled with his neighbor, suspecting him of some deadly villainy in that obscure night.

"I have got him," cried a cheerful voice from the door, proceeding from a stout and valiant traveler, who, indeed, held in an iron grip a slender, writhing form that indignantly rebelled against his assault. But when light dawned to a comforting brightness again the stout gentleman was found to hold captive an innocent and much-injured newspaper and pop-corn boy, who had entered the car just in the nick of time to be made prisoner, while the thief slid noiselessly away to vanish forever. Then each passenger was morally certain that the thief had crept past *him* while he was pursuing the respectable gentleman opposite, and the newsboy was surest of all that he had been propelled into their midst by some unseen power on the platform. The inevitable result of so much excitement was a chilling doubt if Miss Mayhew's alarm had not been only a woman's scare after all.

"Look at her for yourselves," she said, indignantly, reading skepticism on every side.

The old lady's appearance was certainly dilapidated and battered, while her beautiful beads were lying in her lap. Ruth replaced them preparatory to her getting out at the crowded terminus where she changed cars. The old lady fluttered away almost before the train had stopped, and when she had been gone fully five minutes Miss Mayhew rattled *the beads* on the floor with a sudden crash. The thief had weakened the clasp in his efforts to secure them. Something must be done. In vain she appealed to selfish men; they were not going to lose their places. Much good but vague advice was volunteered about keeping the necklace until she could forward it some time, which she cut short with a decisive,

"I will go myself."

The emergency required prompt action, and she was equal to the emergency. Without a moment's hesitation she rushed out.

"How long do we stop?" she inquired of a brakeman, who exhaled hot oil from his very countenance.

"Twenty minutes," replied the brakeman, surely incited by the Evil One.

Where, oh, where will that brakeman go when he dies? Was his conscience deadened as well as his outer ear by the din of his life; or did he view with indifference the possibility of any future state being worse than the pandemonium of his present existence? Our traveler was immediately beset by a crowd of clamorous hackmen desirous of driving her out of her wits, if not to the end of the earth. Escaping this snare, she fell into another of babies and dusty parents. How many tender innocents she upset in her haste, thus increasing the general uproar, Ruth, although naturally humane, never knew.

Every where a hopeless blockade of baggage, trucks, and struggling humanity—every where insane panic of hurry in the fear of being left behind. The bewildered woman could not approach within ear-shot of the perspiring ticket-master, whose suffused face glared vengefully

through his pigeon-hole as he snapped short the incoherent questions of distracted passengers. If she could only ascertain where the old lady had gone!

"Which is the Locust Valley train?" she asked of a baggage-man who was pausing to take breath after lifting a Saratoga trunk of gigantic dimensions.

The baggage-man, with agonizing deliberation, rested his great hands on his hips, thrust a quid of tobacco into his cheek, stared at his interlocutor, and said,

"Hey?"

Miss Ruth repeated her question with the energy of despair.

"Where do you want to go?" inquired the baggage-man, warily.

And then it became a painfully evident fact that where Miss Mayhew wanted to go and where she was going were two widely sundered matters, for she beheld her train in motion. To rush toward it, to signal blindly—as if the insensate monster would stop!—to be held back from jumping on board in a gentlemanly fashion, and then to be left gazing blankly into space—that was her experience. A voice came back on the wind:

"I will keep your things for you."

To inveigh bitterly against the deceitfulness of brakemen was an impulse which our unfortunate lady checked with true dignity of character.

"I will find the old lady at all events," she decided, "even though she should prove the proverbial needle in that hay-stack of a dépôt."

There never were so many trains looking exactly alike, and apparently headed in the same direction, with their engines prancing aimlessly up and down. Oh, the satisfaction of at length beholding a familiar old face, spectacles on nose, beaming behind a window. Miss Mayhew dashed frantically forward, waving the necklace aloft. The old lady started, felt instinctively at her throat, and began to fumble no less franctically at the closed sash. Varnish and springs defied her. Horrors! The train, after dawdling any length of time, at this inauspicious moment concluded to move. It was a pleasant sight to behold Miss Mayhew racing along the platform, casting dignity to the winds, and the old lady on the verge of apoplexy within the car in her efforts to raise the window. How the people stared, to be sure! But Miss Mayhew did not care. She was long past personal sensitivenes; and when the sash finally yielded, just as she reached the extreme edge of the platform, she threw in the beads, and retiring, seated herself on a carpet-bag to burst into tears. Her courage completely failed her; the weak, silly, feminine sobs *would* come.

A gentleman had approached to claim the carpet-bag. He was tall, bronzed, and bearded, and he wore a scarf about his throat of some curious Eastern fabric. Miss Mayhew, the tension of excitement having snapped, was left as weak as an infant. Her pocket had been cut, and her portemonnaie was gone. Had she, in securing her companion's safety, fallen a victim to the snaky young man herself? She now rose, making some confused apology for the condition of her late throne, the carpet-bag.

"Ruth Mayhew!" exclaimed the stranger. "I can not be mistaken. Surely you wear my gift, the little brooch, silver and pearls."

With a startled expression of wonder she looked up into his face, and read joy in the eyes of her once young missionary. The locomotives shrieked, and the human tide surged to and fro, yet these two saw nothing of the confusion about them. He was journeying toward the white house on the hill, which was to be his first pilgrimage in his native land, and would have missed her had she not pursued the old lady with the gold beads.

"How did you recognize me?" said Ruth Mayhew, flushed and tremulous, all the independence of later years utterly gone.

"I should have known you any where in the world," said the Rev. John Atherton, from Algiers.

Entre nous, I believe he recalled the familiar brooch before he did the wearer. However, that is none of our affair, since she was perfectly satisfied with the reply. The result of this meeting was that Aunt Harriet lost her nurse, and the Foreign Missions gained a cheerful, earnest worker, after all.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

ONLY a week or two ago the news reached us that the river Neva, in Russia, was just breaking up, its waters still full of floating ice. At first thought it does not seem as if Russia is so much behind our own country in regard to the season, for the remembrance of ice is not yet dimmed with us, and in more northern sections many substantial relics of winter remain in the shape of both ice and snow in shady nooks and deep valleys. And it may be that our climate is verging toward the Russian—a long cold winter, a short hot summer. In Russia the change from extreme cold to extreme heat, and *vice versa*, is very sudden, and in reality the seasons of spring and autumn are unknown. Visitors in St. Petersburg in the middle of May find every body still incased in heavy fur-lined winter wraps, trees and shrubs devoid of foliage, and the grass showing no sign of vitality. But a month brings a marvelous change. When the grass does begin to grow and the buds to open, there is no delay about the progress—the work is completed as if by magic. In the warmest section of Russia winter begins with November, and rivers do not thaw out until May; yet in July the thermometer often rises above 100 degrees, and grapes and melons grow in the open field. Even in the cooler parts of the Russian territory the summer heat is very great. Perhaps the Russians regard such spasmodic warmth as a pleasant compensation for the rigorous winter. But one would suppose the human system would find it more difficult to meet such changes than vegetation seems to experience; yet, in general, Russian climate is not unfavorable to health. Disease is not more prevalent there than in milder climates, and there human life often attains its longest allotted term. Therefore we need not be distressed even if our winters appear to be slowly but surely growing longer and colder. From thermometrical observations made in New York during the last five years, for January, February, March, and April—although April is not generally reckoned a winter month—it appears that the mean average temperature of those four months was as follows: For 1871, 40.75°; for 1872, 37°; for 1873, 3[illegible].75°; for 1874, 36.5°; and for 1875, 31.25°. So that our average temperature this year during those four months was about at the freezing-point. The coldest day noted by the Signal Service Bureau in New York during the past season was January 10, when the mercury fell to six degrees below zero. The coldest days in the two preceding years occurred in February, and on both days the thermometer marked four degrees below zero.

The Geographical Society of Paris—the oldest society of the kind in Europe—has awarded to Captain C. F. Hall the Roquette prize, consecrated to arctic explorations by M. Alexandre Roquette in honor of his lamented father, one of the founders of the society. In the letter of announcement from V. A. Malte Brun, vice-president of the Geographical Society, he states that the medal is awarded to Captain Hall for his excellent explorations made in the *Polaris*, and he adds: "The courageous explorer, it is true, is no more; but this is no reason that we should forget him. The medal will be sent to his family, as was the case when we sent a medal awarded to Dr. Kane....They will have this proof across the seas that death itself knew not how to arrest the just tribute by which you acknowledge services rendered to geographical knowledge." It shows the fairness and liberality of the Paris society that for many years they have awarded their medals for arctic discoveries to Americans and Englishmen—no important explorations in Northern regions being accredited to Frenchmen.

Wonderful stories are current of German spies taking plans of the new fortifications of Paris with a newly invented and almost microscopic photographic apparatus. The Minister of War has issued stringent orders in regard to curious spectators who are hanging about the forts.

Portage Bridge, on the Erie Railway, which was recently destroyed by fire, was a trestle-work structure, said to have been the largest of its kind in the world. It spanned the Genesee River and Falls at a point about sixty miles east of Buffalo, and its length from bank to bank was 800 feet. It was supported by thirteen stone piers, above which the trestle-work was built 234 feet high. The original cost of the bridge was about $175,000.

An exchange remarks:

"Those who barely escaped with their lives and clothes from the recent festivities at Concord—that was what they were called beforehand!—may not care to have their memories harrowed up by further references to that literary and centennial Mecca. But they will agree that it is pleasant to enjoy some things by proxy, and the forth-coming paper on "Concord Books," by Miss H. R. Hudson, in the June *Harper's*, will give them a peep at the interior of the Concord Library, which was not hospitable on that memorable occasion, and closer acquaintance with Concord celebrities than could be had on that day. The paper is a pleasant record of the literary fame of Concord from the first published sermons of its good old pastor down to its greater and lesser lights of to-day; and it is illustrated with views of the library and of the homes historic in literature, and with portraits of the Rev. Mr. Ripley, Thoreau, Emerson, the Alcotts, and others."

Forty Yale students, academic, scientific, and theological, recently submitted, with great gallantry, to be orthographically vanquished by an equal number of New Haven young ladies. The entrance fees to the spelling match very appropriately passed into the treasury of the Woman's Board of Missions.

Certain dispatches from Minnesota state that the recent cold weather has killed the young grasshoppers. Other dispatches say that the grasshopper eggs rotted in the ground during the warm, damp weather that preceded the cold snap. It don't matter much which is the correct theory, if only there is no fear of another grasshopper plague.

An old anecdote made new by Centennials: While the British troops were marching through Old Cambridge one of them said, jestingly, to a farmer sowing seed, "You may sow, but we shall reap."

"Well, perhaps you may," was the reply, "for I am sowing hemp."

There is something touching in the distress of a dog in Steubenville, Ohio, on the occasion of his master's recent death. For a long time after the death he would not suffer any one to approach the body. When at length he was with difficulty decoyed into another room, he refused to eat, and attacked every one who approached with such violence that it was considered necessary for safety to shoot the poor creature.

An interested reader of the "Higher Life of Animals" sends the following story:

"I have a cat that will occupy my seat at the table until I come, and will not willingly give it up. I was sick a short time ago and unable to occupy it, and the cat would come from the table to the bed frequently, and finally caught a mouse and brought it to the bed, laid it down by me. I threw it off, but as often as I did so, the cat would bring it back, until I thought she wanted me to eat it; so I made believe eat it, and the cat went away apparently satisfied. And before night the same day she brought me a striped squirrel, and each day for the three days I was in bed she brought game, with the same result—she would never leave until I had pretended to eat it."

St. Louis, Missouri, presents a rather poor school record. There are in the city about 98,200 children between the ages of six and sixteen, only 26,000 of whom attend the public schools. It is estimated that 20,000 attend private and parochial schools.

A lady of New York city has in her possession a very curious and valuable collection of autographs, which was made by her grandmother during a residence of many years in Washington and in Europe. It fills three large quarto volumes, in which the names are connected with portraits of the writers, and two portfolios. The handwriting of some of the distinguished names is familiar to Americans; but some of them are so very rare and remarkable that it is to be regretted that the vouchers for their authenticity have not been preserved. Yet there is a reasonable assurance that they are genuine, for the lady by whom the collection was made pursued her task for years with great enthusiasm, was in correspondence with collectors in Europe, and paid large sums for many of the autographs. The collection is one of the most valuable in the country.

An Oshkosh newspaper which was burned out found means promptly to issue an extra, which contained the following suggestive paragraph:

"It was one of our old fire days. The air felt like it, the very atmosphere seemed to predict a conflagration, and every body was expecting it. 'Bad day for fire,' was the salutation which was heard upon every hand; and yet with all the warning, all the salutations, and all the indications of a day for fires, it was graciously and gently allowed to come at last. The warning of past years was forgotten, and the terrific wind swept unheeded by the ears of some whose duty it was by law and by right to shut down their mills on such a day as this."

Revenue laws sometimes work curiously. A few weeks ago a cigar dealer in New York received from Havana a large case containing samples of cigars. These cigars, 10,000 in number, were not packed in the usual way, but were placed in a handsome cabinet of polished cedar, some in bundles of twenty-five, fifty, and one hundred, and others in small compartments made for the purpose. Although the case was duly manifested and the number and value of the cigars properly stated, the importer was not allowed to take his samples to his place of business in the same condition in which they arrived. By the provisions of the revenue laws cigars must be imported in quantities of not less than 3000 in a case, and must be packed in boxes containing either twenty-five, fifty, one hundred, two hundred and fifty, or five hundred each. Under these circumstances the importer was compelled to open the case in the Custom-house, and there pack his cigars in small boxes, upon which the proper stamps were placed by the sworn officers of the revenue.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

MAY.

Sunday,	30.—First Sunday after Trinity

JUNE.

Sunday,	6.—Second Sunday after Trinity.
Friday,	11.—St. Barnabas.
Sunday,	13.—Third Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	20.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday,	24.—Nativity of St. John the Baptist.
Sunday,	27.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Tuesday,	29.—St. Peter.

THE bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South, at their meeting in Nashville May 12, appointed the following fraternal deputation to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church: the Rev. LOVICK PIERCE, D.D., the Rev. JAMES A. DUNCAN, D.D., and LANDON C. GARLAND, LL.D. They also appointed the following commissioners to meet a like commission from the Methodist Episcopal Church to consider the obstacles to formal fraternity between the two bodies: the Rev. E. H. MYERS, D.D., the Rev. R. K. HARGROVE, D.D., the Rev. THOMAS M. FINNEY, D.D., the Hon. TRUSTEN POLK, of Missouri, and the Hon. DAVID CLAPTON, of Alabama. The next General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church meets at St. Louis May 1, 1876. According to the view taken by Southern Methodists, the difficulties in the way of formal fraternity are contained in the plan of separation adopted in 1844, the occupation of the South by the Northern Church since the close of the war, and certain questions of church property.

Mr. MOODY has been joined in London by his friend JOHN V. FARWELL, one of the leading merchants of Chicago. The attendance at all of the MOODY and SANKEY meetings has been, it is reported, 27,000 daily; on Sundays 45,000. The interest in them increases steadily. A convention to consider the best means of promoting the revival throughout England was held in London May 5 and 6. The Presbyterian Synod adjourned for a day in order to attend it.

The Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. JOHN HALL is pastor, was dedicated on Sunday, May 9. It has seats for 2000 persons, and is said to have cost, with the ground, not far from $900,000. On the same day the Rev. W. J. TUCKER, the successor of the Rev. Dr. ADAMS, preached his first sermon in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church. On the following Wednesday evening he was formally installed as pastor.

The legal proceedings against the Prince-Bishop of Breslau for violation of the ecclesiastical laws of Prussia have resulted in his deposition. He has been conducted to the Bohemian frontier, and bidden to depart.

The May anniversaries, as demonstrations, have not excited much attention in New York, and yet a profound interest is felt in the work of the great Christian societies centred in the city. This year is the semi-centenary of the American Tract Society, and that fact was appropriately commemorated at its anniversary on May 12. The total receipts for the year 1874–75 have been $502,872, the expenditures $551,445. In fifty years the receipts have aggregated $13,597,589. This society has issued publications in 143 languages and dialects, making altogether 4055 distinct publications in foreign tongues, of which 599 are volumes. Of several publications over 1,000,000 copies each have been printed. A large part of the society's work consists in the gratuitous distribution of tracts and books through colporteurs.

The American Bible Society has transferred its anniversary this year to Chicago. The fifty-ninth annual business meeting was held at the Bible House May 13. The total receipts for the fiscal year ending March 31 were $577,569, a decrease of $86,000 on the year preceding. There has been a falling off in the receipts from the churches, as well as from legacies and sales. It is announced that the publication of the entire Scriptures in the Mandarin language of China is completed.

The American Sunday-school Union also makes a change in its anniversary this year, bringing it over from Philadelphia to New York. This society has been in existence fifty-one years. In that time it has published over 2000 distinct books, and has organized 59,057 schools, with 302,717 teachers, and 2,593,836 scholars. The total amount expended for missionary work since 1824 has been $2,000,000, and the value of the books circulated, $6,000,000. It is estimated that 3000 churches have grown out of the schools of the union. During the year 1874, 1258 schools were organized, with 48,049 scholars.

The American Seamen's Friend Society has expended during the year 1874 $64,288. The receipts have been $66,759. This society, besides providing homes for sailors, loans libraries to sea-going ships. In seventeen years 5233 libraries have been loaned, containing 228,000 volumes.

The Baptist anniversaries, which are important occasions, are held this year in Philadelphia, beginning May 25. The Home Mission Society has received $199,048, an increase of $7589 over the receipts of any previous year. Its debt has been reduced $40,000, leaving only a small balance to be cleared off. A valuable institute for the training of freedmen has been founded in Nashville, with building, grounds, etc. The Baptist Foreign Missionary Union has not fared so well in 1874. The total receipts for the year ending March 31, 1875, have been $241,970; the appropriations were $267,148, leaving a deficiency of $25,177. A debt remains against the treasury of $52,956. The Baptist Union of Great Britain and Ireland held its annual meeting April 26, at Bloomsbury Chapel, London. The Rev. A. MACLAREN was elected president. Sixty-three young ministers were reported as having entered the pastorate during 1874; thirty-eight new chapels were built, at a cost of £64,185; 124 were improved, at a cost of £49,863; £14,350 were raised for home, and £6000 for foreign missions; £15,987 were contributed for colleges. A total of £259,097 was paid for Christian objects in addition to the support of the ministry.

We have already chronicled the great success of the American evangelist Mr. R. PEARSALL SMITH, in Berlin. After leaving the capital of Prussia he went to Basle, which is a city of not quite 50,000 inhabitants. Here audiences of over 4000 persons attended the conferences. At the cathedral 2000 partook of the Lord's Supper. At Zurich, which was visited next, five meetings were held in one day; at one of these as many as 2000 attended. Mr. SMITH next visited Carlsruhe, where the largest church was filled to repletion. The clergy of this city declared "they never imagined it possible to gather such numbers" to hear Christian truth. At Stuttgart the same results appeared. More than could find seats crowded to the largest church of the city. These conferences are attended largely by the clergy and members of the state churches.

The third Annual Council of the Reformed Episcopal Church began in Chicago May 13. The chief business to be considered is the draft of Articles of Religion, prepared by a committee which was appointed in May, 1874.

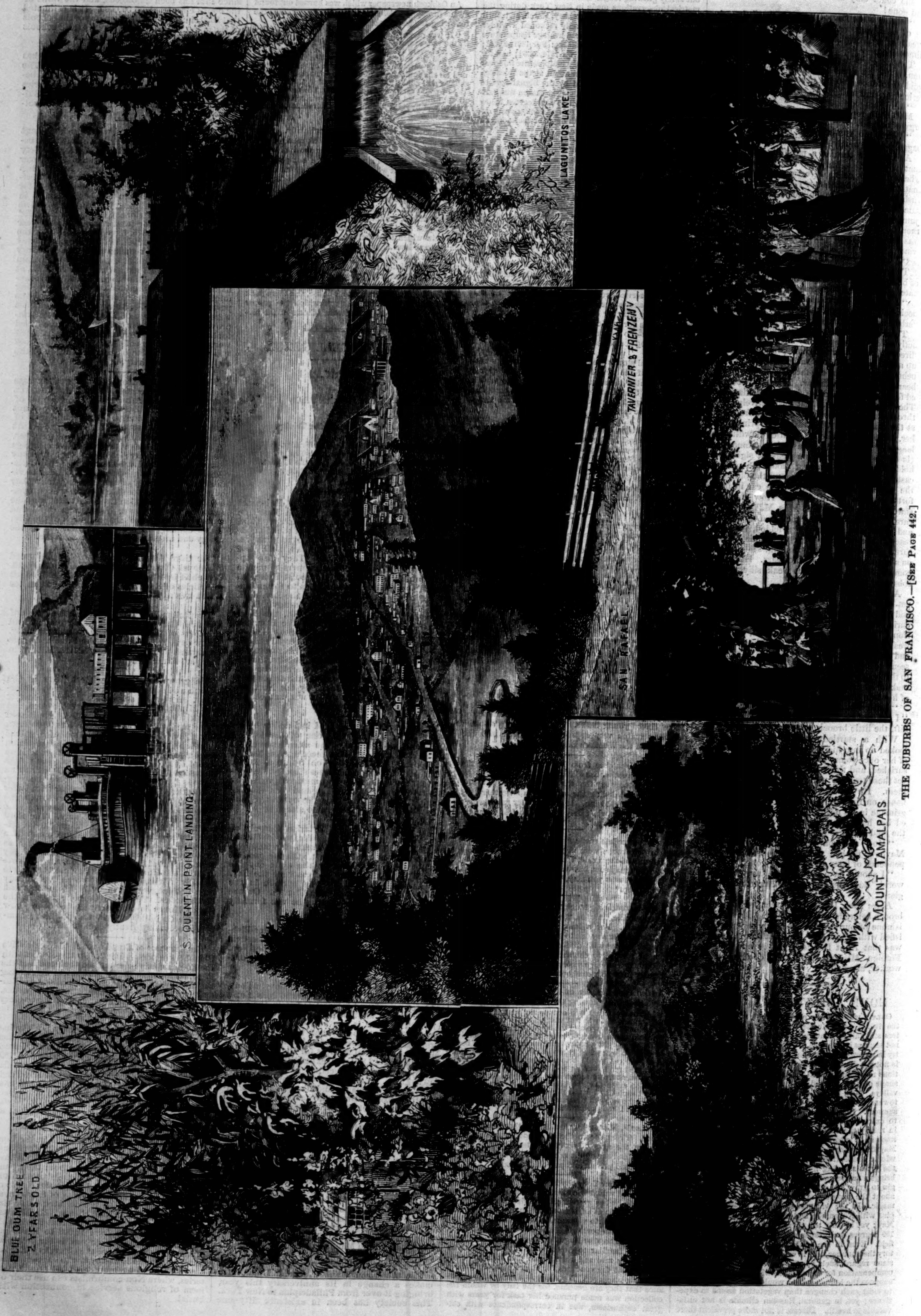
The Italian Senate has rejected the clause of the new Conscription Bill which rendered all members of the clergy liable to military duty. A few days before the vote the Pope had made an earnest appeal to VICTOR EMANUEL to veto this part of the bill.

We group together the latest items in the church and state conflict now going on in Germany. A plot to assassinate Prince BISMARCK and Minister FALCK has been discovered, and the principal conspirator arrested. He is said to be a relative of Archbishop LEDOCHOWSKI, but this is denied. On the 13th of May, the Pope's birthday, a German Catholic association presented him with a congratulatory address signed by 1,000,000 persons. The signers pledge themselves to support the papacy. The Prussian bishops have determined to dissolve the religious orders in that kingdom rather than suffer them to come under state supervision. The Suppression Bill has passed the Lower House of the Diet by 202 yeas to 75 nays. The third reading of the bill repealing articles fifteen, sixteen, and eighteen of the Prussian Constitution of 1850 has passed the same House by 275 yeas to 90 nays. The object of the repeal has already been explained in this Intelligence. The vote of 29 in the House of Peers against the "State Subsidy Withdrawal Bill," which has already been noticed, was given by 12 Protestants and 17 Catholics. The total Catholic vote in the Upper House is 53. Many facts go to show that the Catholic party in the Prussian Chambers is becoming greatly demoralized.

The Emperor of Brazil opened the Legislative Chambers in person May 5. On the conflict with the Roman Curia he expressed the hope that the Pope, on learning the circumstances demanding the measures taken against the bishops of Olinda and Para, would acquiesce in their justice. If not, the Chambers must enact the necessary laws.

The American Home Missionary Society has had larger receipts in 1874 than in any other year of its existence. The total from all sources was $308,896; the disbursements were $296,789. The society has in its service 952 ministers, distributed through thirty-three States and Territories. The number of congregations and missionary stations supplied in whole or in part during the year was 2223. The Rev. Dr. WOOLSEY, of New Haven, was re-elected president at the annual meeting.

One of the latest advertisements in the London papers is that of the "Necropolis Company, the originators of funeral reform." What they propose to do is to be learned from their pamphlet. In the mean time Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN'S Burials Bill has been lost in the House of Commons by the small majority of fourteen, an event so gratifying to the defeated party that they received it with loud cheers. Mr. MORGAN stated in his speech on the bill that there are in England and Wales from 12,000 to 13,000 parishes in which the church-yard is the only place of interment, and where the Church of England service is alone allowed by law to be read. There are in England no more than 531 public cemeteries, where Non-conformists can use their own form of religious service in connection with a burial.



THE SUBURBS OF SAN FRANCISCO.—[See Page 442.]

SHOOTING ANTELOPES FROM A RAILROAD TRAIN IN COLORADO.—[See Page 442.]

SUBURBS OF SAN FRANCISCO.

ON page 440 will be found an interesting series of sketches showing the character of the scenery within a short distance of the city of San Francisco, California. The pretty village of San Rafael is situated in a picturesque landscape on the west shore of San Pablo Bay, about sixteen miles north of San Francisco, with which it is connected by a line of steamers. Three miles from San Rafael is San Quentin, on San Francisco Bay. Both of these villages are situated in Marin County, in which rises the bold and picturesque peak of Tamalpais, reaching an elevation of over 2000 feet above the level of the sea. There are several fine parks or picnic grounds about San Francisco, like the one shown in our picture, shaded by what are called orchard oaks—trees whose low and wide-spreading branches make them especially desirable in parks. The "Blue Gum Tree," also shown in the picture, grows very rapidly, and is much valued as a shade tree.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, director of the natural history school at Penikese, announces that the session for 1875 will commence on the 8th of July and end on the 26th of August. The course of instruction will consist, as formerly, of laboratory work, with daily lectures by Professor MORSE, Mr. THEODORE LYMAN, Mr. AGASSIZ, Dr. PACKARD, and Dr. B. G. WILDER.

Dr. PACKARD will give a course of lectures on "Insects Injurious to Vegetation," and with Professor MORSE will have charge of the division of invertebrates, that of vertebrates being, as heretofore, in charge of Mr. F. W. PUTNAM and Dr. WILDER. Mr. BICKNELL will have the department of microscopy, and Mr. GORMAN will take charge of the laboratories.

Messrs. PUTNAM, MORSE, and BICKNELL will be on the island during July, Messrs. PACKARD and WILDER during August. In consequence of the necessity previously referred to in our columns, it has been determined to charge a fee of fifty dollars for the course, as otherwise the establishment could not be sustained; and, indeed, unless a sufficient number of applications be made before the 30th of June, the whole enterprise will have to be abandoned. The price of board will probably be somewhat less than eight dollars a week.

The annual report of the trustees of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, of Cambridge, for 1874, has just been published, and contains the current history of that distinguished establishment, as also the list of the additions to its various departments. The strict economy necessary to relieve the museum from its embarrassments, after the death of Professor AGASSIZ, has effected its purpose, and its financial condition is rapidly approaching a satisfactory state.

Although the force of salaried employés was necessarily largely cut down, those who remained have rendered excellent service; while the volunteer aid of Mr. LYMAN, Mr. POURTALÈS, Baron OSTENSACKEN, Mr. CARY, and others has been continued as heretofore. Instruction in zoology, which is connected with the museum, has been prosecuted by Professor MACREADY, assisted by Mr. FAXON.

Dr. HAGEN, in his report upon the articulates, mentions a fact of some interest to those who have charge of alcoholic collections, namely, that by using rubber stoppers for small vials the alcoholic specimens can be kept very much more secure than with cork. An ingenious device was also adopted with much success of allowing the air to escape, and thus prevent its compression—a condition which, according to Dr. HAGEN, is the principal cause of the want of safety of the vials, involving their bursting with the additional expansion of increased heat. In fitting the stopper for this purpose a fine insect pin is introduced between the stopper and the throat of the vial, along which the compressed air escapes, and is then removed.

Dr. MAUCH, well known as an explorer in Africa, and especially in connection with his supposed rediscovery of the ancient Ophir, in Southeastern Africa, died on the 4th of April, in consequence of a fall from a window.

The disastrous termination to a balloon ascent lately undertaken in France in the interest of science has attracted much attention in Europe, this occurring in the case of the balloon *Zenith* on the 15th of April. On that date M. GASTON TISSANDIER and M. CROCÉ-SPINELLI took passage in the *Zenith*, which was in charge of M. SIVEL, the special object of the ascent being the determination of the quantity of carbonic acid gas contained in the atmosphere at an altitude of 24,000 feet. The experiment of the inhalation of oxygen after attaining a considerable altitude was tried to ascertain its effects, but at a height above 22,000 feet M. TISSANDIER fainted. He was shortly afterward awakened by M. CROCÉ-SPINELLI, who warned him to throw over some ballast, which was done. He then fell asleep for about an hour, and on awakening found the balloon descending at a terrific rate, and his two friends suffocated. Their faces had turned black, and the blood was flowing from the mouth and nose. M. TISSANDIER'S only resource was to cut the grapnel rope a little before the instant when the car should strike the ground, and the balloon was torn open to stop it. It was finally caught on a hedge about 190 miles southwest of Paris.

The temperature of minus 10° C. was observed at the height of 22,960 feet, but it was supposed the altitude to which the balloon had ascended was considerably greater, the indication of the self-registering barometer being 14,000 metres, or eight miles.

The Board of Commissioners for testing the strength of iron and steel organized on the 15th of April last at Watertown, and continued in session for three days, and adjourned to meet at New York on the 23d.

The subjects first considered were the best form of a testing machine of one million pounds' capacity, both of extension and compression. Arrangements were also made for thorough chemical and mechanical tests of steel, iron, and alloys, in all sizes from small testing pieces to full-sized beams and columns. It was resolved to take into consideration effects of temperature, effects of corrosion and the methods of preventing it, the material for tools, cables, wire rope, etc.

At the meeting on the 23d, in New York, it was decided to invite bids for a suitable testing machine, and an adjournment was then had until the 1st of June at the Watertown Arsenal.

The character of the members composing this board and the comprehensiveness of their views as to their duties and functions are an ample warrant of the important results likely to flow from its labors.

The report of the commission of engineers appointed to investigate and report a permanent plan for the reclamation of the alluvial basin of the Mississippi River subject to inundation has lately been published. This commission, of which General G. K. WARREN, of the United States Engineers, was chairman, was appointed under an act of Congress in June, 1874, and held its meetings first at Newport and then at Washington, its members visiting from time to time the localities in the Mississippi Basin requiring particular investigation.

At an early stage in the deliberations it was decided that although the judicious use of artificial reservoirs in moderating the destructive effects of rivers had its advantages, yet—first, this method of protection against overflow was inapplicable to the lowlands of the Mississippi; second, that no reduction in the height of the floods of the Mississippi can be obtained by diverting any of its tributaries from their present channels; third, that the local benefit above their sites which results from cut-offs is more than counterbalanced by the injury sure to result below in an increased flood-level and caving of the banks; fourth, that outlets of limited capacity, merely sufficient to reduce the flood-level a few feet, would be advantageous, provided a free channel to the Gulf could be found for water so abstracted from the river; fifth, that the expedient of withdrawing water from one part of the river to be subsequently returned below is sufficiently dangerous to be adopted unwillingly, and only as a choice of evils; sixth, that as all cultivation of the Mississippi bottom-lands owes its success to the construction of levees, the committee has the confidence that the system properly applied is adequate to the protection of the country against floods. Whether it should be exclusively trusted or be combined with outlets is a matter to be decided by economical considerations.

The committee also decided that all openings for overflows previously existing should be maintained, and that one of these outlets, the Bayou Plaquemine, having been closed, it should be reopened, provided it can be done without danger of a disastrous enlargement.

The death of Señor JOSÉ A. NIETO, of Cordova, Mexico, has lately been announced to the Entomological Society of France, of which he was a member. Mr. NIETO was well known in the United States as a correspondent of the Smithsonian Institution and other learned bodies, to which he contributed, from time to time, numerous collections of Mexican insects, especially of coleoptera.

We find in a late issue of *Iron* the following entertaining comments upon an extraordinary proposition in engineering advanced by a certain Dr. LACOMME. "Dr. L.'s project," remarks our contemporary, "might, perhaps, be more fittingly termed a marine *railway*, or a railway for the marines. He proposes to lay a submarine line of rails at the bottom of the straits, upon which a weighted chariot or platform is to run, and upon this platform is to be placed a submarine boat, composed of galvanized iron, and hermetically sealed, propelled by compressed air, and furnished with the same fluid in a condensed state for the accommodation of the passengers. There is a provision for renewing the supply of air from the surface in case of accident, and half-way a submarine station on the same plan as the ship, which will probably become a favorite place for fish dinners. Dr. LACOMME claims several advantages for his plan over all others, some of which are, it must be confessed, self-evident. The passengers, for instance, will not suffer from fogs or the east wind. They will be able, also, to appreciate to some extent the embarrassing position of the prophet JONAH; while most readers will admit that the doctor's boat is very like a whale."

The advance not only of geographical science, but of terrestrial physics, promises to be especially favored by the publication of the *Anleitung*, etc., or, "Introduction to Scientific Observations on Journeys," compiled by the ablest men in their departments, among whom it is appropriate here to mention the astronomers PETERS, FORSTER, TIETJEN, WEISS, the meteorologists HANN, NEUMAYER, the geographer KIEPERT, and the seismologist VON SEEBACH.

Nature regrets to announce the death of CARL L. C. BECHER, well known in England in connection with the construction of electrical and physical apparatus. He was born in 1821, and studied the profession of instrument-maker with REPSOLD at Hamburg, KRAFT at Vienna, and STEINHEIL at Munich, and established himself in London in 1845. He was especially known in England from his ingenuity in devising forms of apparatus for meeting problems of physical experimentation.

The Geological Society of London, on the 10th of March last, elected Professor F. V. HAYDEN as one of its correspondents—a worthy tribute to his efficient labors for many years past in advancing the cause of geological science.

The announcement that Prince TORLONIA has entered heartily into the Campagna drainage plans of General GARIBALDI places the ultimate realization of these projects in a more probable light than any thing that has thus far been done or said upon the subject. The name of Prince TORLONIA will be familiar to many of our readers in connection with the undertaking and completion some seven years ago of the drainage of Lake Fucino, a work of such magnitude that even the enterprise and resources of imperial Rome failed to accomplish it successfully. The services of this public-spirited gentleman are to-day attested by an under-ground tunnel more than four miles in length and one hundred square feet in cross section, built at a cost of ten years' labor and nearly seven millions of dollars, which has effected the redemption of over forty thousand acres of fertile land, and secured the employment of twenty thousand people.

As report now has it, the prince proposes to join GARIBALDI so far as to undertake, of his own means, the drainage of Lake Trajan, and, it is said, has already ordered enormous pumping-engines for the purpose. This work, in connection with the execution of some system to guard against the overflow of the Tiber, would prove to be of inestimable advantage.

One interesting feature of the plans under discussion includes the experiment of planting the *Eucalyptus*, or fever-tree, in immense numbers in the neighborhood of the Pontine Marshes.

The Proceedings of the Centennial of Chemistry, held August 1, 1874, at Northumberland, and published in the August, September, and December numbers of the *American Chemist*, 1874, have just been reproduced in a neat quarto volume of 211 pages, under the editorship of Professor H. C. BOLTON. In addition to the account of the proceedings there is a sketch of the life and labors of PRIESTLEY by Professor HENRY H. CROFT; an address at his grave by Professor COPPÉE; an address by T. STERRY HUNT, on "A Century's Progress in Chemical Theory;" by Professor J. LAWRENCE SMITH, on "The Century's Progress in Industrial Chemistry." The most important component of the volume is an account of American contributions to chemistry, in an address by Professor BENJAMIN SILLIMAN, containing a list of all American chemists for the past century, with a detailed enumeration of their memoirs.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

POOR Leech's last sketch represented an Irishman and his wife. The man had lost his hat, his hair looked as if it had been pulled and twisted in all directions, his eyes were black and swollen, his nose was broken, and his clothes were in more than their natural tatters. His wife was reproaching him for his folly in running into a fight, and, by way of reply, he says, "Whisht, Biddy, whisht—it's mate and drink to me."

A school-master gave out one morning as a reading lesson to his first class that portion of the *Merchant of Venice* in which the "pound of flesh" scene occurs. The reading finished, he asked the class what Shylock meant when he said, "My deeds upon my head." "Well," said the tallest boy, "I don't know, unless he carried his papers in his hat."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS—Kisses.

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher in a commanding voice. "Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell." "In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

About thirty miles above Wilmington, North Carolina, lived three men, named respectively Barham, Stone, and Grey. They came down to Wilmington in a small row-boat, and made it fast to the wharf. They had a time of it in the city; but for fear of a falling off in the stores on their way home, they procured a jug of whisky, and after dark on a black night they embarked in their boat, expecting to reach home in the morning. They rowed away with all their energy, for it was a strong stream they had to contend against, keeping up their spirits in the darkness. At break of day they thought they must be near home, and, seeing through the dim gray of the morning a house on the river-side, Stone said, "Well, Barham, we have got to your place at last." "If this is my house," said Barham, "somebody has been putting up a lot of outhouses since I went away yesterday; but I'll go ashore and look about, and see where we are, if you'll hold her to." Barham disembarked, took observations, and soon came stumbling back, saying, "Well, we ain't left Wilmington yet; and what's more, the boat has been hitched by a long rope to the wharf all night."

What kind of robbery is not dangerous?—A *safe* robbery, of course.

Men who travel barefooted round a newly carpeted bedroom often find themselves on the wrong tack.

Pretty Sally Softeyes brought the man she loved to the "popping" point by saying to him, while gleams of love-light shot from her half-shut eyes, "I have had two offers of marriage. The first did not please me, and as for the second, I—I have a superstitious regard for odd numbers."

Sir Boyle Roche was deeply impressed with the sanguinary dispositions of the French revolutionists, and in advocating some measures to prevent their invading Ireland, he said to the Speaker, "Sir, if measures are not taken to keep these blood-thirsty ruffians out of Ireland, they will break into this very House, and cut off our heads before our faces."

Why is coal the most contradictory article known to commerce?—Because, when purchased, instead of going to the buyer, it goes to the cellar.

EXTRAORDINARY FACT.—A couple lived two weeks on whisky and bread. She ate the bread, and he drank the whisky.

MISQUOTATION.—A school-boy has put on paper the fact that he had "rather be a good boy and obey his mother than be a dog and obey the moon."

Two persons were once disputing so loudly on the subject of religion that they awoke a big dog which had been sleeping on the hearth before them, and he forthwith barked most furiously. An old divine present, who had been quietly sipping his tea while the disputants were talking, gave the dog a kick, and exclaimed, "Hold your tongue, you silly brute! you know no more about it than they do."

The expression of a nervous woman's face upon getting into a dentist's chair is something that no man can imitate until he gets a letter from his mother-in-law sharply inquiring if that spare room is ready.

On a sleeping car the other night a lady exclaimed, in a slow and solemn voice, "Oh, how *dry* I am!" There was a moment's pause, and again rung out, "Oh, how *dry* I am!" Another moment passed, and the dozing sleepers were once more startled by the sepulchral information, "Oh, how *dry* I am!" "Won't somebody get that woman a drink?" howled an old gentleman, who, being rheumatic, and occupying an upper berth, could not very well do it himself. The demand was soon complied with, and the grateful sound of gurgling water was soon heard. Then there was a moment of silence, and again they came the same solemn tones, "Oh, how *dry* I *was*!" There appeared to be no doubt of it by the occupants of the car, and if the truth could have been known, they were unselfishly glad she had found relief; and they composed themselves afresh for sleep. Then the voice again smote the air, "Oh, how *dry* I *was*!" Every body started, and every eye was distended. "Oh, how *dry* I was," repeated the grateful woman. "Then dry up!" screamed the gallant old gentleman in the upper berth. She did.

ANTELOPE-SHOOTING.

SHOOTING antelopes from the windows of a train of cars is a kind of sport only to be witnessed on the great plains of the West, and we are glad to know that it is growing into disfavor. When the trains first began running across the plains it was not unusual to stop when a large herd was near, and allow the passengers time to get out and kill as many as they could bring down. Sometimes, with the stupid curiosity that characterizes the antelope, a herd would run for miles parallel with the track, keeping up with the purposely slowed train, while the passengers would fire at them from the car windows with rifles or revolvers. Great numbers were slaughtered—we might say massacred—in this manner, and left to die on the plains. Of late, however, the game-laws of the several States and Territories through which the Union Pacific Railroad and its various branches pass are being more rigidly enforced. Our illustration on page 441 represents an antelope hunt such as we have described, which was witnessed by our artists near Kit Carson, Colorado.

WARD OR WIFE?

A Romance.

CHAPTER XIII.

"À QUELQUE CHOSE MALHEUR EST BON."

IN the soporific shade of a mighty plane-tree Minnie lies in joyless indolence on an arm-chair, her great eyes half closed, absently watching her estimable chaperon nod herself off to sleep, and wishing that she too could forget her sad thoughts and wander a while in the pleasant land of dreams.

Ah, those dreams, the gift of tenderest mercy; none can prove their sweetness but those who have suffered much. Say not they are sent to mock us, to steep us in deceptive bliss; say rather they give the despairing spirit a glimpse of happiness it never else could hope to see—a draught from the crystal cup that lies shattered across its life's dull road. What is death but sleep? From both there is a waking; and—as after holy death—in blissful dreams the weary soul soars from its earth, and wings a happy flight through its own pure native ether, the land unknown of mortals save from the misty memories of these sweet swift-fled moments.

The noontide sun pierces the thick green canopy, and touches fondly with his gold those chestnut coils of hair, those heavy, drooping lids, that stricken beauty so desolate in its great sorrow. What is to her the affection of her friends? What avails her the fostering love of a guardian? There is nothing of consolation in this; there is none on whose breast she can sob out her grief; she is alone in her hour of need—alone, and very desolate.

It was but yesterday that the cruel stroke was dealt—that her last faint hope was slain. How was it? It seems so long ago. Ah, he followed her out to the dear old rocks, where Jim—to the rocks, and sat with her as she sketched. Then it came suddenly—that he had told Jim, that Jim had consented, and would she listen? (How *could* she listen?) Poor old Dane, how sad he looked!

So the two men had talked over it, and Jim had gone over all the settlement business, and so on, with her suitor, and had probably given his consent with a sigh of relief. Good riddance of bad rubbish. She always must have been an awful nuisance to him. But oh, can this be the same Jim with whom she lived such joyous years? Is this her own dear old Crabs of yore? No; *he* would never have given her to Dane.

Would she listen? On the shore, the other day, she started up scared at the first words of an offer she had long foreseen—scared at the prospect looming in the immediate future of Regy as her husband. She knew he loved her; she knew he had been a score of times on the verge of telling her so. But she had never thought of him as any thing more than a marvelously agreeable companion. The sudden unmasking of Madam Matrimony, in her costume of "Flirtation," had not been unexpected, no doubt, for there is a time when all these gay dominoes must unmask in Love's travesty. But Jim had given his consent. Ah, there was the bitterness that made the whispered request seem almost repulsive. And at that moment she felt she could not listen, and so would hear no more. But in truth she *did* listen, for her loneliness pleaded for Regy better, far better, than any words of his could have done. She is an orphan. Desolate, she yearns for sympathy, for tender care; she is debarred from the home of the one she adores; she can not look forward to a permanent stay with the Ferreses; but a man, beautiful as Apollo, loves her to lunacy, and she admires him, likes his company, values his attentions. True, she said she could not listen, but she can think; and the thought of marrying a man she likes, when he who has excited in her such passion seems to treat his work with indifference, if not contempt, is not without its charm.

A long shadow across the grass; a loose gray figure lounging from the hotel, where it has been smoking in the veranda and furtively watching the plane-trees.

Minnie jumps up and moves toward it.

"You're only just in time, Mr. Dane," she says, with a little yawn; "I was all but asleep."

"*She* is quite, isn't she?" designating Mrs. Ferrers with a jerk of his curly head.

"It's too true—she is. And, please, I want you to amuse me, lest I share her fate."

They are strolling down a shady walk toward

a small summer-house, which is rather more hideous than such structures usually are, and rears its gaudy pinnacle in barbaric splendor amidst the soft green leaves and waving branches. (The worthy landlord of the Pachas styles it impartially "le kiosk," "le sommar 'ous," or "le pavillon chinois," as the spirit moveth him, and considers it a model of architectural elegance.)

"I don't think I could be amusing, if I tried," answers Regy, dolorously, with a tremendous sigh; "I'm afraid you'll have to resign yourself to your somnolent tendencies."

"No, I won't," decisively. "Ask me some riddles."

"Who was the father of Zebedee's children?" inquires Dane, with alacrity.

"Zebedee," she returns. "And a door is not a door when it's ajar. Try something newer."

"That's all I know," talking at random, his eyes fixed on her beauty. "My education was neglected in the conundrum line. I never could recollect a riddle in my life."

"You're not like the man Ina Morant told us about," trying to make conversation nervously under his gaze. "He boasted that he had never been beaten by a riddle but once, and that was when he heard an old clergyman, who had cleaned him out at euchre the night before, preach on 'What shall I do to be saved?' The text was no sooner delivered than 'I b'lieve I'll give it up!' brought down the house."

"That was 'coarse times' for the parson, I should think," laughs Regy, constrainedly.

An awkward silence; Minnie's fan rattles monotonously as they pace along.

"Don't they say life is a riddle?" he observes at last.

"I believe they do," leaving him to his own resources.

"I wonder what it has in store for me; I wonder whether I shall have to 'give it up' too," lifting his hat, and passing his hand through his auburn locks.

"Buy a *Book of Fate* or a *Voice of the Stars*," suggests Minnie.

"I suppose I *ought* to be happy," he continues. "I never trouble the doctor; I'm never hard up; I'm on the right side of thirty; and yet—" Another deep sigh.

"Why don't you go in for something, and take an interest in it?" she says, amiably. "Settle down at Danescourt, improve your property and the condition of your laborers; stand for the county, liven up local society a bit—oh, lots of things!"

"Yes, I would," responds he, eagerly, "if I was—if I was married."

Once more an awkward silence.

"Don't you think it would be cooler in there, Miss Goring?" insinuatingly, as they pass the summer-house.

"H'm," rather doubtfully; "well, va pour le kiosk." And so they sit them down.

Even in here it is oppressively hot. Minnie lies back against the wood and fans herself languidly; Dane rests his feet on the opposite seat, and contemplates them with moody interest; outside is audible the drowsy humming of some industrious bee, as it visits in turn each gorgeous flower-bed.

"I'm getting awfully sick of this bakehouse weather," remarks Dane, at last, in a peevish growl; "I wish to goodness there was a chance of a shower, or a thunder-storm—any thing rather than this eternal sun grinning at one all day."

"I suppose it's good for you not always to have what you want," says his companion, oracularly; "at least that, I believe, is the opinion of all right-minded people."

Minnie's mouth talks, but her eyes are dreaming. What do they see, looking so tenderly among those fleecy clouds?

"Right-minded people be—" sentence ends in a cough. Down come the patent-leathers from the seat: "I wish *I* could have what I want."

He is leaning forward, gazing with intense earnestness at the little rose-girt Cupids on the fan that hides her face from him.

"Didn't I hear Mrs. Ferrers calling?" half rising, and looking out with troubled haste.

"I wish to Heaven I could have what I want," he repeats, standing in front of her and taking no notice of her interruption, "for ten years—and die!"

"Ah me! but if it were impossible?" in a murmur more to herself than him.

"Impossible!" catching the last word; "is it *impossible* for you to be—my wife?" Then sitting down by her, and trying to catch a glimpse of her averted face: "Minnie, I love you. You know it. I love you madly. I have loved you ever since those happy days at Norman Place. You would not hear me yesterday, Minnie; was it because you dislike me?"

A very small "No" from the soft lips so tremulous already.

"Give me the right, my darling," taking encouragement from this, "to care for you—to love you as I would, as I can."

Lower still the beautiful averted head.

"Speak, for God's sake, Minnie!" he pleads; "say something, whatever it is."

Still silence.

"Minnie darling, Minnie, my pet, speak to me!"

He is very close to her; she can almost feel his hot quick words. One moment more of the dead strange silence, and then:

"Oh, Regy, I'm so miserable! You'll be very good to me, will you, Regy?"

And she is folded to his broad breast quicker than her sad little speech dies in his ear.

She has gained a protector, a friend, a lover, a home—has she not now her heart's desire? After an interval of a minute or so she regains her liberty, and begins to fan herself vigorously. Dane gets hold of her nearest hand, and smooths it affectionately with his own. Now he has taken the plunge, and has attained the realization of his fondest hopes, he is astonished at his late irresolution and want of confidence; he almost reproaches himself for not having spoken last season.

"Why, we might have been married a year by this time," he thinks, remorsefully. "Never mind, though; she's mine now, at all events;" and incontinent betakes himself to proving his ownership with effusion.

"I say, Regy, I wish you'd smoke," presently from Minnie. "There are such a lot of flies about to-day, and the smoke drives them away."

She might have added, moreover, that a cigar is a check on osculation.

"All right, Min," producing a weed, and lighting up; "I'll drive 'em away for you."

"What do you call me 'Min' for?" turning sharply. "I don't like it. You might as well call me Tom, or Bob, as '*Min.*'"

"Well, Minnie, then," obediently. "But Jim always calls you Min."

"You're not Jim!"

"No, that's true enough, I'm not," he laughs, with much self-gratulation, "or else I should never have the happiness of calling you my dear little wife."

Minnie rises and moves toward the door, a proceeding which he rightly and wrongly puts down to the effect of his last words. He follows her out, leaving a train of blue smoke behind him to complete the defeat of the obnoxious insects, and resumes:

"I say, Minnie, do you know," coming up with her—"you'll laugh when I tell you; but, talking of Jim, there was a time, and that not so long ago, when I was actually *jealous* of him!"

"Indeed!" remarks his betrothed, icily, in answer to this psychological mystery.

"Yes; just fancy. And to think all the time he was only waiting to be asked to talk like a trump about you, and give us his blessing."

A shade paler the soft cheek, a distressed frown and catch in the breath as of one in sharp pain.

"Absurd, wasn't it," recurring persistently to his subject, "getting jealous of the dear old boy?"

"Very absurd," mechanically. "Haven't you something better to talk about?"

He stops, and turns to her, his face bright with love, and takes in every detail of her perfection in one long glad look.

"By Jove!" after a moment, "I should think I had! And an inexhaustible topic it is, too!" taking her hand and repeating the smoothing performance. "Could I ever tell you how divinely beautiful you are in my eyes, *how* I love you?" passing his mighty arm round her waist. "Min darling—I mean Minnie—say it again; say you are going to be my own pet wife."

"Well, Mr. Dane," laughs she, "as you are good enough to wish it, I suppose you must not be disappointed."

"But will you, Minnie," he resumes, "really and truly, will you?"

"Yes, Regy, I will, really and truly."

In all sincerity she says it. Is she not lonely and sad, and is not he, her dear friend, asking her to let him cheer her, care for her, on her road through life?

Silence on both sides for a while.

"I can't tell you how happy you have made me," bending over her possessively; "I don't know how to express it. But this I do know, that I have just sworn to myself, and I mean it from the bottom of my heart, that with my knowledge you shall never shed a tear for any thing I may do."

Minnie stammers out her gratitude for his good intentions toward her, feeling rather uncomfortable at his unaccustomed solemnity. She is picking the white petals of a daisy.

"Loves me—loves me *not!*" she cries at last, holding up the evidence of his deceit to her lover.

"The daisy tells a lie," he exclaims, hotly; "I love you now—I shall love you forever."

"That's a long time," with silver laughter.

"Will you love *me* always," he continues, with eagerness—"always, Minnie?"

"Can't promise," looking up out of sparkling eyes; "you know the song?"

The rich full tones of her voice rise in the sultry air:

"'Menez-moi,' dit la belle,
'À la rive fidèle,
Où l'on aime toujours—'
'Cette rive, ma chère,
On ne la trouve guère
Au pays des amours.'"

And so the hot summer afternoon slips on, and the velvet bees hum amidst the flowers, and a man, lying at a woman's feet, forgets time and place and all but her in the knowledge of his great happiness.

CHAPTER XIV.

"MERRY AS A MARRIAGE BELL."

"Do at Rome as the Romans do," is a saying which the Briton, as a rule, holds in unmitigated contempt; and Colonel Ferrers, being of Albion undiluted, sticks to his islandic manners and customs with a tenacity worthy of a better cause. So, then, he sits in his place a full hour after the ladies have rustled from the dinner-table to the salon, making good way with his port, and bringing to a triumphant close a somewhat lengthy story of "what happened to one of our men when we were quartered at the Curragh."

"Well, gentlemen," he concludes, holding his ruddy glass up to the light, "next morning it was all over the place that the widow had bolted with O'Leary, and left poor little Charlie in the lurch. I was at a dance that night, and met her sister. 'Come, Ferrers,' says she, 'the regiment can't complain; she's run away with O'Leary, but she's left you what she could—her dear little Charlie.'" A twinkle in the colonel's beaming eye: "I couldn't resist the temptation; he's called 'the Widow's Mite' to this day."

And the glasses ring again as he gives out his venerable joke with a cavernous roar of merriment. Camille follows suit in a succession of explosions, each of which leaves him weaker than the last, till he sinks back into his chair and wipes his eyes with his napkin.

"Ah, Djems! has he spirit, your colonel? Ah, pouf!"

Jim, who has been playing meditatively with his fork, looks up, and smiles the feeble smile of courtesy, and relapses into thought. Dane fidgets visibly on his chair, and looks toward the door.

"I say, colonel," emptying his big green glass, "I see you've demolished your regulation dose; suppose we join the ladies?"

"Listen to him," laughs the old man, rising and hooking on to Jim. "Doesn't he say it innocently, as if he didn't much care whether we went or not, you know?"

Jim, finding himself expected to say something, shakes his head and observes, "Ah!"

"You lucky dog!" continues the colonel; "I wish I had got such a pretty girl to sit and talk to me all the evening. Why, what with you and Jim here, who has fascinated Mrs. Morant, I'm reduced to the society of my wife."

"You're right there, by Jove!" says Regy, heartily, as he opens the door of the salon; "I *am* a lucky dog, I don't mind confessing it."

Mrs. Ferrers has already drawn the irrepressible Latour into the place of honor, between herself and Miss Peverel, on the sofa; her lord and master has ambled up to the piano, where Ina Morant is "trying to recall" a dreamy German waltz, and seems likely to become a fixture.

Jim is moving toward the sofa when he catches sight of Regy, his hands busy with some photographs on the table, his gaze fixed upon Minnie as she sits listlessly by a window open to the sultry night. Somehow or other the self-control that has been so often and so sorely tried within these first days of the engagement fails him now as he stands by the man whom he bade "godspeed," and sees his lips frame a repetition of the exultant words that already are rankling in an unclosed wound. He turns on his heel, and strides across the room.

"Well, Min," flinging himself almost defiantly into a low chair by her side, "a penny for your thoughts."

"My thoughts?" looking down with a deepened color. "Rather an embarrassing proposal, n'est-ce pas?" turning toward him with a nervous little laugh.

"It doesn't matter," he says, impatiently, his brows meeting—a way they have of late; "don't tell me—I don't want to know." A pause. "What a pretty waltz Mrs. Morant is playing!"

"I was thinking," not noticing his last remark, "just when you came up—"

"How well somebody looks in his dress clothes, eh, Min?" with artificial banter. "So he does, my dear; he's a credit to his tailor."

Their eyes meet, the eyes of those two, formed by Nature for each other; separated by a scruple which the great mother did not foresee. But men persist somehow in considering themselves wiser than Nature.

"I beg your pardon," continues Jim, changing his tone, "I am interrupting you."

"I was thinking," Minnie resumes, quietly, "of you."

He breaks into harsh laughter.

"Thinking of the devil, I suppose, has much the same effect as talking of his satanic majesty?"

She glances down at his set face and curled lip. Very strange is it all to her.

"The other day"—speaking quickly—"you refused Mrs. Ferrers's invitation to come and stay at the Lodge with us; and this morning I thought I heard you talk to Camille about Egypt, and some appointment out there. It set me thinking, Jim, and I've got it into my head that the two things are connected."

"And then?" with much unconcern.

"It makes me very sad," raising her great eyes to his. Is it his fancy, or has the shadow grown deeper under those lashes since her betrothal?

"What nonsense, child!" he stammers; "I can't get away just now, that's all. And as to the Egyptian arrangement, it's true I have had an offer of a berth in the Khedive's service—most handsome offer—but that's a matter for consideration."

"You wouldn't go, Jim?" eagerly.

"Why not?" tugging at his mustache. "Best thing I could do; make a fortune in no time over there."

"You wouldn't go," she repeats, in a low voice, "till after—till after the—marriage?"

A flash and glitter of diamonds, as she twists the heavy ring on her fourth finger; Regy has sealed his engagement right royally, as befits her future position.

"Well, you see," coughing down the difficulty in his utterance, "if I go at all, it must be within a month. And I suppose," with a forced laugh, "that, even loving couple as you are, you will hardly care to be spliced as soon as that."

Poor humanity, that can compass a mighty sacrifice, but is not strong enough to hide the bitterness within! Jim tries hard to bridle his tongue, and keep it along the beaten track of converse; but do what he may, it breaks off every now and then into acrid speech and satirical; speech unwonted in Minnie's presence; speech that to her is exquisitely painful.

She can not understand the change in him. True, she has made her great mistake, and is prepared to abide by its consequences; but has she more to suffer? If she can not have his love, is the close and tender friendship that once made her so fully, so purely happy to be denied her? Must it be far from her heart's desire this life that she has to live—this colorless, purposeless existence—this eating and drinking, marrying and giving in marriage?

My friends, if we could read each other's hearts, we should, no doubt, as a rule, be sadder and wiser men. But if one gentle bosom had been laid open to Jim's gaze, there never would have been need of the self-imposed misery he is undergoing for the woman at his side. Would he have thought for her of wealth, of social success, as compared to a life's happiness? I trow not. But, then, we can not read each other's hearts; and he, poor fellow, did not know how little she wanted to make her happy.

"I'm afraid," he continues, "I really shall have to depute the colonel to give you away, Min. I don't see how I possibly *could* be there."

She rises and passes out on to the balcony; Jim follows her. There is no moon to-night, and but for the lamp over the hotel door the quay would be in darkness. The two lean over the balustrade, and keep silence a while.

"Jim dear," she says at last, very low, "are you going away—because of the—marriage?"

He shivers slightly, as if a chill was passing through him.

"No," in a rough whisper.

"Don't go, Jim," she pleads, softly. "Remember, I asked you not to go. Look"—taking some sweet heavy-scented tuberoses out of her white heaving breast—"these flowers will remind you that you are to stay—for my sake."

Her last words are almost inaudible; to Jim they come borne on the subtle perfume of the flowers and of her beauty. Suddenly, with a brusque movement, he finds his voice:

"Tremendously pretty, little woman; but it would be a shame to take them from you. Spoil the general effect, you know."

A dull pause; then from her:

"Poor little nosegay! poor little nosegay!" and dropping the flowers, she moves back into the room.

Strange that he should pick them up and kiss them so madly! Strange that he should lean over the balcony, and murmur such passionate words to them! Strange that they should glisten, as if a hot tear had plashed down on them, when they are being hidden in his bosom!

CHAPTER XV.

GREAT NEWS TOO LATE.

"Mais voyons donc, mon ami!" exclaims Camille, for the third time trying to attract Jim's attention, and as ineffectually as before.

They are alone in the coffee-room of a dingy, old-fashioned little hotel, just out of the roar of the City. The London dust still clings to their garments, and parches their throats. They have not long returned from a wearisome tramp in quest of various necessaries for a sojourn in the East.

Speaker gives way to a sigh of dejection; Captain Tregarvan is sitting opposite him at a table by the window, resting his head on one hand, his eyes fixed vacantly on a glass of sherry-and-bitters that he called for some ten minutes ago.

At last Camille gets up, and, hiding a yawn with three polite fingers, makes for the glass over the heavy oak mantel-piece, where he proceeds to brush off the smuts which have settled on his face; then turns and stands watching Jim's motionless figure long and earnestly, with a pained look in his friendly old eyes.

"Ah, mon Dieu!" he mutters to himself; "comme ça brise, la douleur!"

Time elapses to the ticking of the clock. A faded waiter, in cashmere boots and a chronic smirk, trips in, arranges some newspapers on the sideboard, makes a feeble pretense of dusting a chair with his napkin, coughs once or twice in a deprecating and persuasive key, and, apparently finding the unbroken silence too much for his nerves, trips out again as limply as he tripped in.

"My faith of honor!" with another big sigh, "it does me harm, that abattement; it tightens me the heart to see him in that state there, that brave boy! But, mon Dieu! what say, what do?"

He takes his chin between forefinger and thumb, and ponders, like one of Raphael's Apostles, plus mustache and imperial.

"If one could rouse him, make him forget during a few moments this pain which obsedes him! But it is not here that he will forget it, that poor Djems!"

He thinks a minute, and looks brighter.

"Allons, let us make the essay," with a pull at the bell.

A word to the waiter, and he presently returns with a pint bottle of best sparkling. Camille marches up to Jim, and assuming a determined mien, such as may have been Cæsar's when he observed that "the die was cast," or Napoleon's when he ordered the charge of the Old Guard at Waterloo, abstracts his friend's pick-me-up from before him with a masterly whisk and the calmness of decision. Then touches him lightly on his shoulder with the diamond finger to insure his attention, waves it gracefully around him to indicate the subject he proposes to notice, and, with a final tap on his own broad shirt front, shows in a manner ornate as it is clear the close connection that exists between that subject and himself.

"Ah, ça!" he begins, diplomatically; "know you that I stifle here? It crushes me, this place, do you see? This chamber of a hundred years ago, those gaunt trees that are browning that humid grass with their leaves, the deserted street, the pompous habitués, the waiter—all that crushes me. I begin to bore myself horribly. You also, it crushes you!"

"But I don't see," interposes Jim, with a tired smile, "why the fact of your being crushed

should justify your taking away my sherry-and-bitters in that airy fashion."

"Sherrybittare? Bah! Look," producing his bottle, "this is what is worth all the sherrybittares of the world. Let us see a little. Pop! bravo! See how it sparkles! Allons, you do not refuse a glass of Roederer, is it not?"

Jim stretches himself mightily on his chair, yawns, and takes the foaming tumbler from Camille. "Thanks, old man; tell you if it's the right tap."

Apparently it is, for he disposes of it at a draught.

Camille grins broadly.

"À la bonne heure!" he ejaculates. "It takes its medicine with good grace, hein? Bravo the medicine!" with a smack of the lips. "Ah, the good wine!"

Enter the waiter deferentially, as though he lived in the fear of being instantly kicked out of the room, and hoped, by the sweetness of his smile, to defer the performance of that ceremony.

"When will you please to dine, gentlemen?"

"Dine in an hour," says Jim, gruffly. "That'll suit you, eh, Camille?"

"Suit me, pardi?" exclaims the little Gaul, defiantly. "Waiter, this evening we go out. We dine at some friends'."

"*If* you please, Sir;" and the seedy one, sidling out, leaves Jim staring open-mouthed at his mendacious companion.

"*Going out!* What *do* you mean?"

"But say, then, my friend," taking another pull at his glass, "let us change of scene, I pray you of it; for the love of Heaven, let us pass no more evenings like the last. If we were mummies, and this hotel a Pyramid, bon!"

"My *dear* boy," cries Jim, hotly, "I should never forgive myself if I thought you stopped in because of me. You know I want quiet, and, of course," with a sigh, "here I have it. But you—how often must I beg you to run about and enjoy yourself? I'm sadly wrapped up in myself, or I should have insisted upon your going the rounds."

Camille shrugs his shoulders, and looks upon the captain with compassion.

"Just Heaven! faut-il être bête? But do you not understand that it is *you* who are wanting to me? Can I amuse myself alone? Can I leave you here? Allons donc! But to-night very positively we go out together. Say?"

Jim laughs at the small man's vivacity.

"But what could we do? I *really* don't feel up to it, old man."

"What do?" insinuatingly. "A good dinner, well served, well dégusté, in a first restaurant, a good cigar; and then—why, perhaps we go to distract ourselves a little at the spectacle. What say you of that?"

A somewhat feeble resistance from Jim.

"Voyons, Djems; pour me faire plaisir?"

Which decides the matter, and sends them up stairs to dress.

A couple of hours more, and in a cabinet particulier of the Amphitryon restaurant sits Monsieur Latour, lingering over the last toothsome mouthful of his glace à la vanille, and radiant with the proud consciousness of a triumph of gastronomic art.

"Well, Djems, my old one," disengaging the napkin from about his neck, and pushing his cigar-case across the table, "do we smoke?"

"LOOK—THESE FLOWERS WILL REMIND YOU."

"I fancy we will," says Jim, lighting up. "Capital dinner you ordered. Je vous en fais mon compliment."

"You think so?" much delighted. "I please myself to imagine that the combinations, though perhaps a little risked, were not unpleasing."

Captain Tregarvan takes the precaution of correcting the hazardous contrasts of the repast with a dash of Maraschino.

"And now," from Camille, after an interval of beatitude, "where do we go?" A little maliciously, "If we went to pass the evening in the coffee-room of our Blue Boar?"

"H'm!" trying to look as if he was not enjoying himself. "As we *are* here, we may as well stay West for an hour or so, don't you think?"

"But yes"—puff. "Let us go to the spectacle," casting his eye down the evening paper. "What do they play? Ah, Variety Theatre—Pall Mall—Aristocratic—Carlton. Say, do we go to the Carlton?"

"New piece, isn't it?" asks Jim. "Well, suppose we do."

And so, when they have struggled into their coats, and paid the bill, and remembered the waiter, they saunter along the crowded street and its glittering shops till they come to the hospitable doors of the Carlton, where they take a final whiff of their Londres under the portico which announces, in letters of flaming crystal, the "gigantic success" of *The Lion and the Mouse*.

Jim takes his ease in his stall at first, and notes with admiration the tasteful decorations of the house, the magnificence of the costumes, the marvelous beauty of the scenery; the audience, too, is brilliant; his companion is amusing; he begins to brighten up himself, and has said one or two neat things. But as the play—an elegant little comedy-extravaganza—goes on, as delicious songs succeed dialogues that coruscate with wit, as touches of bitter satire and poetry tender as love in turn electrify the spectators, he forgets his sad thoughts for the moment—for the moment loses the set look of pain that has lately darkened his face. How he applauds when the handsome prince rescues that fascinating little actress, who, under the name of Blanchefleur, laughs and carols through the piece, till she finally rescues and marries *him!* How he appreciates the point of each hit at the follies and extravagances of the day! How interested he gets in the story, and how he hopes that the low-born little charmer may get out of her troubles, and be happy at last! And when the climax comes, and the curtain falls, and the "Mouse" re-appears, to be greeted with an avalanche of bouquets, "What a stunning evening we *have* spent! Best thing I ever saw in my life!"

"Camille, my infant," thinks the ex-National Guard, in an interval of Jim's enthusiasm, as they approach the silent streets of the City, "thou art a man of resources! It is not bad, the beginning. And for the rest—occupy him the mind, fatigue him the body, during the few days he has still to pass here; cut him short the adieus, administer him a week of Mediterranean, change of scene, hard work, time, and absence—he is cured!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RETURNING TO CAMP.

THIS sketch shows a party of hunters crossing a lake in the Rocky Mountain range on their return to camp with the spoils of a successful bear-hunt. The hunters' costumes, the raft, and the bold landscape make a *genre* picture of the most interesting character.

RETURNING TO CAMP FROM A BEAR-HUNT.—[DRAWN BY FRENZENY AND TAVERNIER.]

A GONDOLA-RACE.

OUR illustration represents a race between two gondolas on the Grand Canal in Venice. The Venetians are not an energetic people, nor are they much given to athletic sports; but occasionally a couple of crews will have a contest that slightly resembles the races so common in England and America. They usually start from one of the vessels lying out by Santa Maria, and row as fast as possible to the landing steps of Lecca. The first to reach them is the winner of the race.

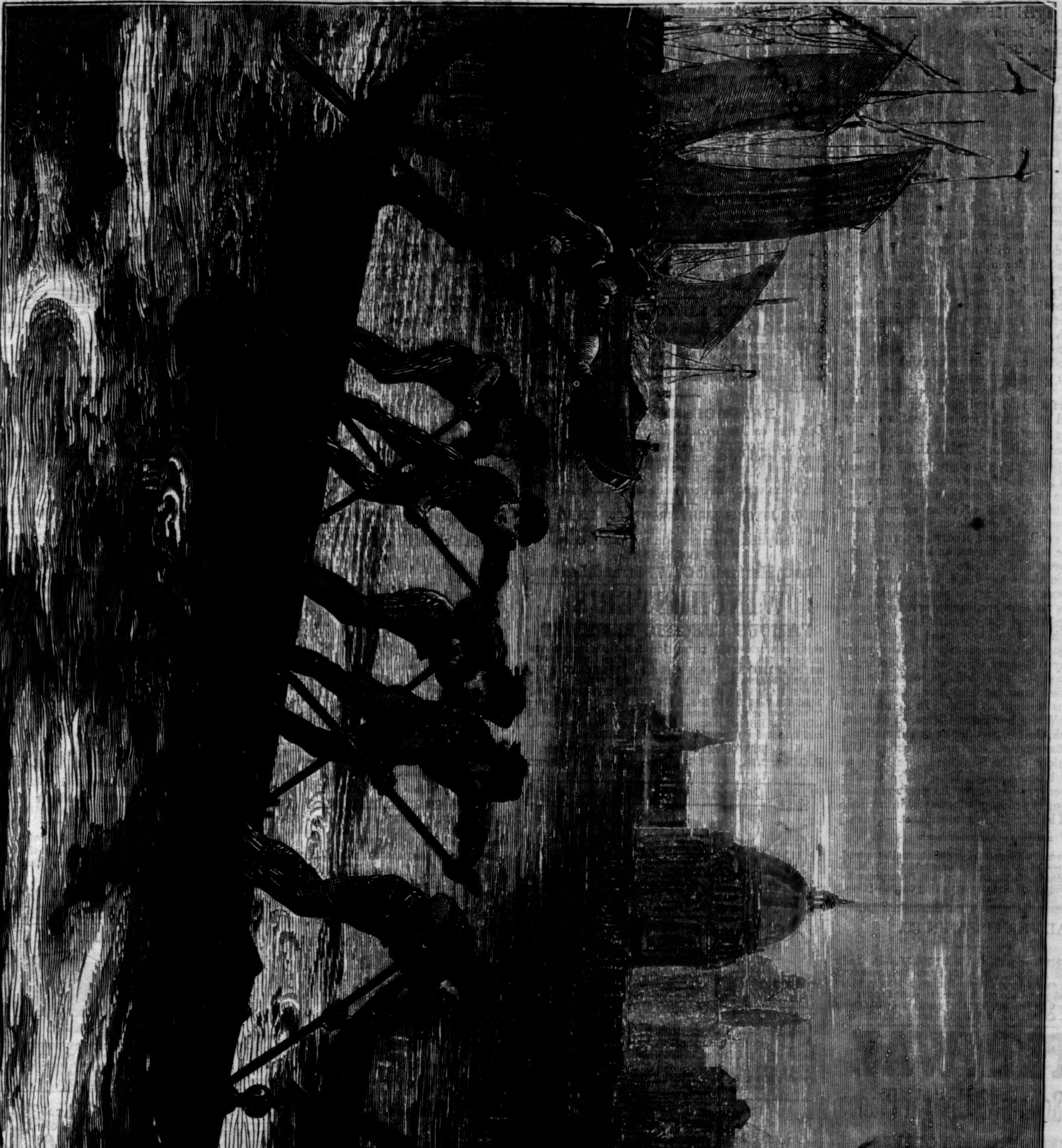
The gondola is a long narrow boat, averaging thirty feet in length by four in width. The prow and stern taper to a point, and rise out of the water to a height of at least five feet. The gondolas in our engraving have no cabins, but there is usually a curtained chamber in the centre for the convenience of the passengers.

The boat is propelled by means of oars or poles, by one, two, or occasionally four men, who stand as they row. The gondolas are usually painted a dark color, and as they glide about so quietly along the canals, with their occupants hidden within the little curtained cabins, there is a mystery and fascination about them that conjure up visions of all kinds of romance.

The love of music and poetry distinguishes the Venetians even among all the tuneful sons of Italy, and the gondoliers are an especially musical class of men. It suits perfectly well with an idle, solitary mariner lying at length in his vessel on one of these canals, waiting for his company or for a fare, to beguile the hours and alleviate the tediousness of the situation by the songs he has in memory. He often raises his voice as loud as he can, which extends itself to a vast distance over the tranquil mirror of the waters, and as all is still around him, he is, as it were, in solitude in the midst of a large and populous town. Here are no rattling of carriages, no noise of foot passengers. A silent gondola only may occasionally glide by him, of which the splashing of the oars is scarcely to be heard. At a distance he hears, perhaps, another voice utterly unknown to him. Melody and verse immediately attach the two strangers. He becomes the responsive echo to the former, and exerts himself to be heard as he has heard the other. By a tacit convention they alternate verse for verse, and though the song should last the whole night through, they entertain themselves without fatigue. The hearers who are passing between the two take part in the amusement.

When heard close by, the sounds are frequently hoarse and screaming. The gondoliers seem, after the manner of all rude and uncultivated men, to make the excellency of their singing to consist in the force of their voice. Each seems desirous of conquering the other by the strength of his lungs. It is not usual for the performers to sing and row at the same time, however. If it were, the ears of their passengers would be called upon to endure a great deal of acoustic torture. They cultivate their musical talents principally during the intervals between their work.

But remoteness makes this vocal performance



A GONDOLA-RACE, VENICE.

inexpressibly charming. The sleepy canals, the lofty buildings, the splendor of the moon, the deep shadows of the few gondolas that move like spirits hither and thither, increase the peculiarity of the scene, and the distant music assumes a character of wonderful harmony. It is plaintive but not dismal in its sound, and the effect is at once melancholy and sweet.

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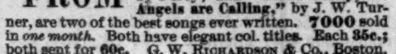

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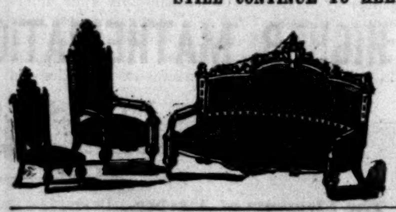

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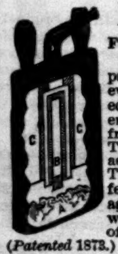

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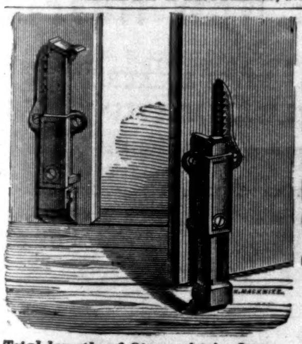

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The mode of operation is fully shown on the right side of the picture, which shows a *right hand stop* on a door partly open, and held firmly in its place by the Stop. When you wish to fasten a door at any angle, you open it to the desired point, then you press the Stop down firmly with the toe of the boot or shoe, placed on the *pivotal button* or *catch* which you see at the top of the bolt. When the Rubber block is pressed down firmly on to the floor or carpet, give your foot a slight *forward tilt*, and the button catches in the notches of the Ratchet and holds the Rubber block firmly to the floor or carpet, thus holding the door *just exactly where you place it*, no matter whether it is open *an inch*, *three inches*, or *wide open*, and there the door stands until you loosen it, *no matter how hard the wind blows*. The Rubber block is fitted into the jaws at the foot of the bolt, and being soft and yielding, does not damage the floor, or the *finest carpet* in the least.

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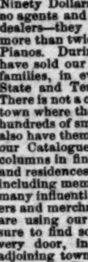

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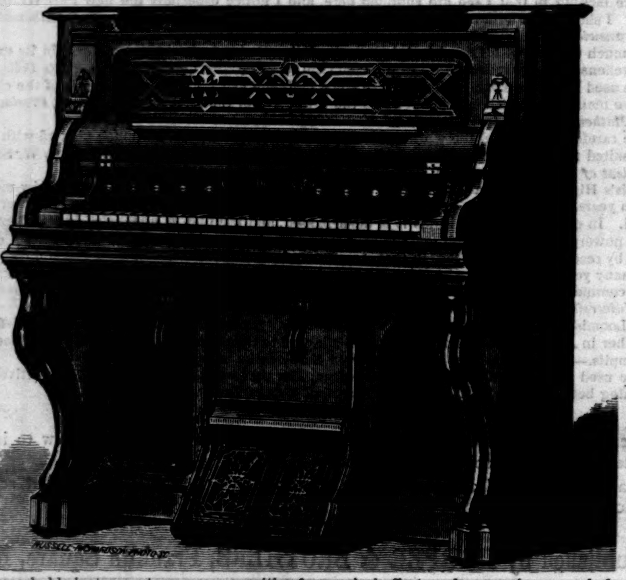

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Along the pathway comes a woman's form—
A lonely woman: weary is her tread,
And toward her bosom droops an aching head.

Around her cling her robes of solemn black,
Caught by the wind that fain would drive her back—
A mournful uniform, and only worn
By one from whom all earthly hopes are torn.

"Off duty" now. When night begins to fall
She listens to the vesper's low sweet call,
And, to the solemn summons of that bell
Obedient, hurries to her convent cell.

Her strength is spent; she hath done what she could,
This lowliest one of all the sisterhood;
And to a day of labor and of care
Succeeds a night of penitence and prayer.

She lives to minister to others' need.
Her life is spotless both in thought and deed;
The gentle hands and tender heart are pure;
Her simple creed to labor and endure.

All day she watches by a bed of pain;
The morrow's sun will find her there again.
She succors all in sorrow or distress,
And suffering lips the gentle Sister bless.

She follows, looking here for no reward,
The bright example of her risen Lord;
Her only wish to lead a life like His,
To kneel before the altar where He is.

Of Romish error little does she know,
Or all the horrors that its annals show.
While others write her creed, her life is given
To find the narrow path that leads to heaven.

SCHOOL REVISITED.—[From a Painting by G. D. Leslie, A. R. A.]

"SCHOOL REVISITED."

The beautiful face in our engraving is that of the principal figure in a large painting recently executed by Mr. Leslie, of London, under the above title. The original, which contains several figures, represents a young lady revisiting her old school. She is surrounded by a group of her former school-mates, who are examining her rings and admiring her costume.

Doubtless many of our readers, looking at this fair face, will be reminded of Longfellow's beautiful poem, "Maidenhood," and thank us for placing it beneath the picture:

Maiden! with the meek, brown eyes,
In whose orbs a shadow lies
Like the dusk in evening skies!

Thou whose locks outshine the sun,
Golden tresses, wreathed in one,
As the braided streamlets run!

Standing, with reluctant feet,
Where the brook and river meet,
Womanhood and childhood fleet!

Gazing, with a timid glance,
On the brooklet's swift advance,
On the river's broad expanse!

Deep and still, that gliding stream
Beautiful to thee must seem,
As the river of a dream.

Then why pause with indecision,
When bright angels in thy vision
Beckon thee to fields Elysian?

Seest thou shadows sailing by,
As the dove, with startled eye,
Sees the falcon's shadow fly?

Hearest thou voices on the shore,
That our ears perceive no more,
Deafened by the cataract's roar?

O thou child of many prayers!
Life hath quicksands, Life hath snares!
Care and age come unawares!

Like the swell of some sweet tune,
Morning rises into noon,
May glides onward into June.

Childhood is the bough, where slumbered
Birds and blossoms many-numbered:
Age that bough with snows encumbered.

Gather, then, each flower that grows,
When the young heart overflows,
To embalm that tent of snows.

Bear a lily in thy hand;
Gates of brass can not withstand
One touch of that magic wand.

Bear through sorrow, wrong, and ruth,
In thy heart the dew of youth,
On thy lips the smile of truth.

O that dew, like balm, shall steal
Into wounds that can not heal,
Even as sleep our eyes doth seal;

And that smile, like sunshine, dart
Into many a sunless heart,
For a smile of God thou art.

CHARLES LEVER.

The Villa Morelli was an unattractive-looking house from the road, from which it was approached by iron gates and a short drive. But on the other (or garden) side it was one of the most picturesque, irregularly built old houses imaginable, and the flagged garden-terrace at the back commanded a lovely view of the storied hill of San Miniato, with its ancient church and half-ruined fortifications on its top, and of the olive and vine planted valley which divided the two eminences.

Often of a summer evening, before the arrival of whisters from Florence, says a writer in *Once a Week*, I used to find Lever in an easy-chair on this terrace, with coffee before him and a cigar in his mouth, enjoying the cool air of the Ave Maria. Sometimes, finding nobody there, I penetrated into the long series of sitting-rooms that occupied all the ground-floor of the building, and on these occasions was sure to find him in a little study, the last and remotest of the suit, writing. But he was always glad of a motive for laying the pen aside. And then we used to go and sit on the terrace, and discuss the chances of the coming war, that which was decided at Sadowa, and Lever would give his reasons, strategical and political, for feeling sure that Austria would be victorious. And then, one by one, the whisters would drop in, and the Austrians and Prussians were forgotten in the excitement of battles the upshot of which our friend was better able to predict. Lever's outward appearance was exactly such as the mental characteristics which have been attributed to him would lead one to expect. He was, though not a tall, rather a large-made and large-limbed man—not fat, but portly in his person—and there was a kind of expansiveness in the taste and fashion of his garments that